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A LOVE STORY OF TWO CONTINENTS

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

"WHAT are you going to do," asked Hazleteen, "when your uncle dies?"

Bessie Donald looked up at him with the half-smiling reproach which means that one has been very brutal indeed.

"He has told me that when he dies he wishes me to go to Europe," she answered, in a moment, for she always answered a question considerately, no matter how little right a person had to put it. "He knows I want to study painting, and so he makes this plan for me. I fear—I know—" her voice faltered with premonitory dread—"that I shall never have another friend like Uncle Jerry!"

"No," responded Hazleteen in his sympathetic way, which was a solemn way that came over him when any one touched a note of tender feeling. "No; your uncle is a good man!"

Bessie looked up again at her companion, saying to herself that he, too, was very good as well as handsome; and that was something more than poor old bald Uncle Jerry was.

Hazleteen (they were walking in the garden, a network of bachelor's buttons and nasturtiums, and so forth, all vigorous together) reached up to a flowering tree and bent down a branch to smell of it. But a bee flew out at him and made him start, and he spoke sharply.

"I had nearly braced myself to say something from my heart to you, Bessie," he ejaculated. "But it is harder to hold one's innermost thoughts to view than I had supposed. And yet—I will say it, after all! It has seemed to me that your position, when your only relative dies, will be particularly sad and lonely. It has seemed to me that it would be very sweet to ask you to turn to me, your playmate and friend for so many years, for protection and love."

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The girl stopped in the fragrant path as if the tangle of blooms hindered her; but she trembled.

Hazleteen caught her hand and kissed it passionately several times.

"John!" she murmured.

"But, oh, my dear," he went on, "you have not known how it has been with me at Washington in the two years since we last met! I have become engaged to marry some one else, Bessie! and now you know my heart, dear, as I, myself, know it!"

She was taken unawares; she turned full upon him, and with her free hand seized his arm, and gazed in agony into his face. She and he had always been close friends, as schoolmates and village youngsters; feeling an added bond, moreover, because it was known that Uncle Jerry had remained single on account of his unsuccessful courtship of Hazleteen's mother, who, later in life, had returned to the village and been treated with brotherly devotion by the old man. Bessie had grown to love Hazleteen with an extreme and cloudless love; yet she had never—so gentle and humble was she—she had never believed that he would care for her enough to ask her to be his wife. She thought she had detected in his cordial admiration of her a chill of self-possession which was fatal to the great tenderness which alone would satisfy her. But to have him confess a deep sentiment for her, and in the same moment say that he belonged to another—this was a woe more terrible than even his indifference would have been; her honest heart shrank from such a disorder of the finest impulses.

"Bessie," Hazleteen sighed as she looked at him, while he seemed the very picture of a hero, "I have long loved you with all my soul; I felt that, by-and-by, as you grew to be the woman you are now, I should tell you of it, and win you for my wife. Then came the whirl of the outside world, and the day of folly. A gay, fascinating, fair creature crossed my path and enthralled me; and then I thought my love for you was a mistake! I came to tell you how my fate had turned out; and now that I see you again the madness clears away, and I confess you to be the loveliest woman I ever knew! But I am bound; my earlier hope is held in check by my fealty to another; a strong fealty, Bessie, for better or for worse. My life is doomed to an enforced duty!"

His words cut Bessie's sensitive being like sword-strokes, for she believed that his solemn accents came from a tenderness as great as her own; and her whole commiseration was instantly given to him, and her desire was to feel that his life was not to be wrecked; that it was to be as rejoicing a life as any one's ever had been.

"Oh, John," she cried, in her low, earnest voice, "you must learn that this, this fancy for me, is the mistake, and that the bright, beautiful girl you have chosen is really the right wife for you. You are so full of ability and ambition that surely I should not have been able to fulfill the part of a wife to you, in the fashionable world, as she can! John, do not think that your life can be anything but great and splendid; there can be no defeat for such as you are!"

He kissed her forehead reverently, and the poor child thought herself blessed.

A voice was heard at a window, calling feebly, but cheerily, to Bessie and Hazleteen to "come up." It was Uncle Jerry Donald, summoning them from his arm-chair, for he was partly crippled. They obeyed his appeal at once, and were soon standing before him; and Bessie was pale and frightened of aspect. Old Jerry Donald's eyes, at any rate, were not crippled, and he stared a bit at his beloved niece, and then at Hazleteen, and finally remarked:

"You two seemed to be pretty confidential down there. But now you are afraid of each other, and of me into the bargain."

"I was telling——," began Hazleteen.

"He was telling me," interrupted Bessie, "that he is engaged to be married. But you

"SURELY, THIS COULD NOT BE THE BESSIE SHE ONCE KNEW"

called us before he had revealed the name, my dear uncle—the name of the woman John has chosen! She is very lovely and accomplished, and that is what John will need his wife to be when he goes to London with the legation."

All this might be as true as possible, but old Donald was silent. He gave a flash of the eye to Hazleteen, and then lowered his lids, and his lips never opened. As long as she lived, Bessie remembered that silence of Uncle Jerry; and it always was to her the most impressive moment of her existence. It was by that silence that he conveyed to Hazleteen that he was a scoundrel, and to Bessie that her future was to be very sad.

"Well," said Jerry Donald, at last, lifting his white head, "the sooner John Hazleteen joins his legation, and goes to London with this accomplished being, the better!"

"Thank you, sir!" the young man cried fiercely. "I will begin my journey by leaving your house." And turning on his heel the young diplomat stepped out of the room, casting only a parting glance at Bessie.

"Why did you speak harshly to John, uncle?" Bessie asked tremulously. "What should we do if he never came back to us?"

"Why should we care whether he comes or not?" cried the old man. "You know very well, Bess, that he has made love to you for years! Perhaps he did so because he thought you'd be rich one of these days when I died off and left you my little pile; perhaps he has decided now that I am going to live too long to make my pile of use to him in his fine career! Go and take the pictures of him down that you have about the cottage; we don't want a rogue's portrait in our modest house. John Hazleteen is too much of a diplomat already, Bess; don't you ever trust him again." He grasped her shoulder, and suddenly exclaimed in a deep whisper: "Don't you ever trust him with the care of your money, my poor girl, when I am dead! But I'll take it from those lawyers, and fix it safe and close in the hands of Mark White; he, at least, is an honest man. I'll see him."

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"Uncle, how can you be so angry with John?" Bessie sobbed, kneeling down and hiding her face on the old man's arm. "You accuse him, just because he falls in love with a beautiful woman, of being dishonest! Oh, I will never let such a cruel thought haunt me for one moment!"

"Bessie, Bessie! you are indeed a fool when it comes to dealing with the world," her uncle plaintively faltered. "You're too good to fight it out with 'em, dear. You'll be the victim."

That day Jerry Donald died.

The next morning Hazleteen came to see Bessie; and he brought with him a very lovely young woman, of matchless presence and clothed with the utmost elegance.

"Bessie," Hazleteen gently declared, "we have come to take you to our hearts, if you will. This is my wife, Bessie. I did not tell you yesterday of my marriage, because I thought there would be more time to break it to you, though we all realized that Uncle Jerry's last hour was near."

A self-congratulatory light blazed in the young man's eyes, notwithstanding his soft accents. Some plan of his was succeeding. "You see, we were married suddenly, because of the legation's departure for London. We start less than a month from now. Edwina wants you to come with us. You will find that she is very good, Bessie; far too good for me, although Uncle Jerry did me hardly justice, yesterday, rest his soul! He did not understand."

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Bessie Donald shook like a leaf, and Hazleteen's young wife broke through her fashionable manner, and put her arm about the girl's waist, and kissed her. "I'm fond of you already; the first glance is enough to make one love you!" Hazleteen's wife said generously. "I hope you will look upon us as very true friends, for John's marriage shall never make him forget you or your long companionship together as playmates and friends."

In Bessie's eyes tears gathered and mirrored the light which fell upon her sweet, lovely face.

But the end of it all was that she bade farewell to the old-fashioned house and the old-fashioned flowers, and went out into the world with Edwina and John, and thought that fortune had been kind to her, as fortune went for obscure and humble people.

Mark White, whom Uncle Jerry had thought faultless, brought her a bunch of delicately pink arethusas to take with her when she left the village where she had always lived. He was the young lawyer of the place, and had offered himself to Bessie some time before, and been rejected. She

remembered how Uncle Jerry had said that he should put her money affairs into Mark's keeping. But that was arranged differently.

She had decided to let John see to it, with the more willingness because of her uncle's strange resentment and distrust. John had said that thirty thousand dollars was not very much, and that he could make it a more imposing sum if she would let him do as well with it as he could with his own. And then she would grow to be a desirable match, and have the pleasure of refusing some of the most charming men in England.

When John made such humorous speeches as the above, Bessie Donald said to herself that the world was trying hard to spoil him; but she refused to admit that it had succeeded. She still believed in him.

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In London John's wife made quite a sensation. She entertained well, and she sang with positive brilliancy. And she had a dainty little shadow of a companion always at her side, who would have been a beauty if she had been a trifle vain, and who wore æsthetic gowns like a Boughton.

The painters soon picked out Bessie Donald for her artistic personality; and her talent for painting, which was true and thorough like everything else about her, made her doubly welcome in their studios. She had half a dozen offers, which she quietly put aside; and she came to be known as Little Goody No Heart, though that was recognized as an absurdly inadequate name. She did not love these men who offered their estates, their princely incomes, to her, and she was too much of an American girl to give her hand where her heart was not. Often as the maid was dressing her hair, she would take up a mirror, and, gazing long into it, would try to trace there some resemblance to the plain little Bessie whom Uncle Jerry loved so dearly. She never thought of maids then, nor of changing her dresses several times a day, nor dining with diplomats in London. How different life seemed now! Surely, this could not be the Bessie she once knew. And then—well, she often wondered, and would linger long over letters which came occasionally to her from America, with the postmark of her village home. True, the letters breathed nothing but friendship, but how dear that friendship seemed to have grown to her of late!

But, at all this, handsome, plausible John Hazleteen hurriedly laughed, turning to "affairs," as if no one's life mattered much but his own.

But a year or so later there came a sort of parenthesis in the ordinary routine, when Bessie told him that she wanted to speak very particularly with him. She stood beside a blooming orange-tree in the breakfast-room, a ray of sunlight falling over it and touching also her sage-green, china-silk dress.

"Come, then, Bess, if you're real," Hazleteen acceded, giving a flip to one of her high shoulder-puffs, which looked like a butterfly. "These queer, pretty, puckered clothes you wear make you seem a dream and nothing more. And you are such a silent siren. But let us go to my workroom and talk, for a change. Come, let's hurry."

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When Hazleteen sat down at his big writing-table, as much as to say that he would give only two minutes to her communication before proceeding to the urgent business papers near his hand, Bessie said, turning pale at his coldness and strangeness:

"John, I want three thousand dollars."

"What?" Hazleteen demanded.

"Just three thousand dollars, John. I want to do ever so much good with it. I am going to give it to William Leslie, the artist. He has never been to Italy, poor fellow, and his wife is threatened with consumption. I have ordered some pictures of *him* which he will do about Italy, and so he consents to take the *money*, you know. And *if* it were not that Edwina needs me I would go with them, I *think*, and see a few Raphaels, myself. I'd enjoy it intensely."

"My dear girl, you are crazy," was John Hazleteen's answer as he broadly stared.

"Why? Don't say anything quite so crushing as that. Come, it is all settled with the Leslies; I have given them my word. And their trip must begin before the ugly March weather is here."

"Good gracious, what authorization had you to go ahead in this wild manner before speaking to me?" cried Hazleteen hastily.

"Why should not I? I am of age, John, if I do look and behave like a girl of sixteen!"

"Of age? Do you fling that in my face?" sneered Hazleteen. "Have we not given you a home as any sister and brother might, and advantages you never could have hoped for without us? And do you ask what right I have to give you advice, and attend to your money investments as I see fit?"

"Don't get out of patience with me," the girl faltered kindly. "I owe a great deal to Edwina and to you, and I hardly know how I can ever make any adequate return, John. But this once I want to do some good to friends I love very much, although they are new friends. You see, you are not as intimate with the Leslies as I am; you do not realize how remarkable the man's genius is; nor how he needs, and his sick wife needs, the visit to Italy I want to give them!"

"Confound the genius of William Leslie!" exclaimed Hazleteen, very red in the face. "Let Her Majesty send him to Italy if he would be such an ornament to English art. You can't have the money, Bessie. I am really frightfully busy to-day, and you are muddling up my ideas unmercifully."

"John!"

He shuddered.

"Stop speaking in that tone, Bess. To tell the truth, our expenses are many guineas heavier than I had any idea they would be. Your money is with ours, as agreed, and I am spending the income of it all, giving you what you want in reason, as you know, and all that. I can't just now disturb the bulk, or else I should get into a hole. You'll have to tell the Leslies you were a little too enthusiastic."

Bessie was as gentle as a lamb, but she was as honorable as a merchant prince of the highest principles.

"I can't go back on my word," she replied. "Uncle Jerry's niece shall never break the word of a Donald!"

Hazleteen sprang from his chair and faced her. The real explanation of his reluctance to humor Bessie was that he had come to London and lived chiefly by the security of her money. It was to fortify himself with the control of it that he had made pretty speeches to her in her old-fashioned garden, and insinuated himself into the care of her uncle's legacy. His return to the village had been a desperate resort for the making of his much-discussed career. So he faced her, pale as herself.

"Bessie," he said, "shall you break the word of a Donald, or shall I stand before the society of London as a ruined man?"

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Horrible though his distress was to Bessie, it was partly acting. He had fifteen thousand dollars of her money left; but he counted on it for two years more of grace, during which time he was to make his fortune by diplomatic acumen, investment, and by gradual accumulation.

But Bessie sank down before him at his words, with that impotent sweetness in agony which a soul without guile exhibits, much to the disgust of more turbulent and dramatic natures.

"Now you need not be so sorry for me," said Hazleteen, lifting her up. "You once said that there was no such thing as defeat for a man like me; and I am sure of a brilliant financial step, since I am the very pet of the big bankers here, for whom I can do a little turn in my line in the hour of their need—that is a secret, though—and by whom I shall get well repaid. Why, Bess, hold up your head! I expect that we shall be rolling in riches before I have done." No doubt Hazleteen thought this. What a resource the future is for rogues!

"Oh, John, it is not for fear of your worldly ruin! It is not because I loved and honored my money that I would gladly die!" moaned the wretched girl. She slipped from the room as quickly as she could.

Running up to her chamber, with pain in her eyes and dry sobs, she hurriedly took out the black dress which she had worn six months before. She put it on, and laid all her fancy dresses of smocked silk and mull upon her bed, ready to be thrown away. She rang the bell to order her trunk to be brought for packing; and then thought over in her mind how she should tell Edwina that she was going home to America, and must have a few pounds to pay her passage. But what questions would Edwina ask? How could she be told that her husband was dishonest? What would the effect on her be? The young wife had always been considerate, was always lovable, and deserved to be spared this blow. Bessie stood very still thinking about Edwina; and when the maid answered the bell, the little black figure standing in the room like a dark ghost shook its head, and motioned with its hand that the maid was to go away without an errand.

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In another moment Edwina entered, bringing a letter.

"I thought I would convey this message to you, dear puss. It is some time since I dropped in to make you a call in your own quarters! But, Bessie, why are you in that solemn gown?"

"Because of a homesick feeling, Edwina; that's all. And, if you will not mind too much, I'll wear black again. I'm tired, tired of finery!"

"Bored by being one of the prettiest visions in Britain? But I am homesick, too, my dear, and will not interfere with your whim, or with your memory of your Uncle Jerry." Edwina put her arm around Bessie's neck, and held the note up before her, with encouraging playfulness.

It was a word from Mrs. Leslie, telling Bessie that she and her husband had, an hour before her writing, been invited to go in Lady Mechlin's party to the South of France; and they thought seriously of doing so, instead of accepting Bessie's proposition of assistance for an Italian trip; since it would be a pleasure for Lady Mechlin to have their company, while Bessie's munificent offer was purely charitable.

What a relief! No dreadful revelation or mortifying excuse to make to the Leslies; no shameful disappointing of their hopes! The girl fairly smiled at this. She and Edwina went down the broad stairs arm-in-arm, meaning to have a chat over the drawing-room fire in a couple of new-fashioned easy-chairs which they had purchased the previous day while out on a shopping trip.

As they stood upon the threshold of the drawing-room, giving each other the unprovoked hug so grateful to women, they caught sight of Mark White, who had that instant come in, and who was ruefully examining his silk hat, which, through an unlucky chance, had been rolled in the London mud.

A cry of delight burst from Bessie's lips, and she and her fellow-villager clasped hands, for Mark had been inspired to restore his hat to his head temporarily, in order to get it out of the way of their greeting. What a plain fellow he was! But something in his expression revealed to Bessie that her reading of faces had been very crude till now.

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Edwina herself hardly knew Mark except by Bessie's affectionate report; yet she joined in the exclamations and welcomings which the latter showered upon him; and Mark smiled and smiled, and eventually admitted that he had come over to see whether Bessie was tired of England.

Edwina replied that they were both tired of it, but as the wife of a diplomat she must on her part stifle the truth. And then she excused herself for the moment, and departed with innocent grace.

After telling her the news of their village, Mark White put some searching questions to Bessie as to how she was getting on; and having had an idea that sooner or later Hazleteen would mismanage her money, or otherwise neglect her interests, the young lawyer was able to press his inquisitiveness so neatly that the girl had admitted a miserable distress before she was aware of it; and very soon Mark was able to fathom the whole story. The loss of her money, even if it were a permanent loss, he did not appear to mind at all. But he was very sorry for Bessie's shattered faith in her friend.

"It is right enough to trust people implicitly, and with all one's strength," he remarked. "But it is never safe. Still, half faith in our companions makes cowards and culprits of us all the time, and I am glad you were so loyal to your old playmate. You have spent, let us say, thirty thousand dollars in one of the best forms of charity, Bessie; and now you must begin dispensing some other kind of charity. Suppose you dole out a fortune of love to me? You might try me with six-penny-worth right now!"

Mark spoke in his deliberate way, but there was a glow and a gleam about him that told of his long devotion to the shy girl he gazed upon; and his sincere eyes looked like guarantees of full justice to those who looked to him for help in their perplexities.

"Oh," murmured Bessie, blushing, "I think my fondness for you is worth a little more than that!"

Upon which Mark started toward her, and knelt at her side. And then she exclaimed beneath her breath that her words had meant absolutely nothing.

"Well, make it next to nothing, and it will be just what I ask for as an opening fund!" he retorted saucily.

"No, Mark! You cannot understand—but I am very unhappy!" she explained. "I never want to love and admire anybody any more!"

"I wouldn't have you admire me, of all things," laughed Mark. "I should think you crazy if you did, Bessie! And the sort of love I wish you to enrich me with is of a very peculiar kind. I don't want the kind that would make it all work for you and all play *for me*; and I suppose some people would call the sentiment I crave of you just simple tolerance. You could admire the flowers in our garden, and love the stars; and by the way, if we get married now, and go home by the next steamer, we shall be in time to see the snowdrops, and the purple and yellow and white crocuses on my lawn. I had them planted last autumn in round patches as big as a Delft dinner-plate. Or, by the way, we could go to Holland and anywhere else, for I have a leave of absence from legal affairs that is intended to fit all Europe, if desired. It's for you to decide."

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Bessie could not help letting a smile peep out of her eyes, sad as they had looked; yet she tried to put a stop to such galloping plans on Mark's part. If he had a dry way with him, he could think and act at an effective rate of speed. That she did not dampen his spirits was proved by his pulling out an engagement ring of lovely diamonds, which he told her to carry about in her pocket until she got used to it.

"If you ever fancy that you may consent to marry me," he went on, "slip the ring over your finger, and you will perhaps find your mind made up, miraculously, in my favor! But do not make that 'ever' much of a one. I have waited so many years, and I have followed you so far, you know!"

Bessie looked directly into his eyes as he still knelt by her side. What a quiet glow of genuineness she saw in them!

Did she hold out her hand for the ring?

Did she marry Mark White in a few weeks?

Did she see "a few Raphaels" with him in Italy?

Let each reader, for herself, analyze the love of this true and noble American girl!

Lovers of Mademoiselle Angelique

A RACE ON THE ICE FOR A BRIDE

By J. Macdonald Oxley

CHAPTER I

IT WAS in those merry days of a quarter of a century ago, still recalled with many a pang of regret by the gay people of Montreal, when Her Gracious Majesty's regiments brightened the streets with their brilliant uniforms, and their officers made ball and dinner shine by their ever-welcome presence. The red-coats were in complete command of the social situation, and, according to their rank, found themselves very much at home in the drawing-rooms or basements of the mansions that climbed Beaver Hall Hill and stretched along Sherbrooke Street.

Among the regiments, that took their turn at occupying the barracks on Dalhousie Square, was the Royal Irish Fusiliers, one of the crack regiments of the line, and great was the rejoicing at its arrival, for anticipatory rumor had credited both officers and men with being a right royal lot of fellows, and they were not long in proving that they fully merited their reputation. From the Colonel to the drummer-boy they seemed to abound in life and spirits, and the most attractive social qualities. The city was full of their praises, and naturally enough their fame could not be contained within the municipal boundaries, but spread throughout the land until it extended even to Quebec, the ancient capital, perched proudly upon her mighty cliff, and holding within her gates the proudest aristocracy in the Colony. There it reached the tiny ears, and pleasantly stirred the spirit, of Mademoiselle Angelique Laurier, the prima donna assoluta (the term may be applied to beauty of face as well as of voice) of that picturesque city which has always been able to boast of the beauty of its women.

Angelique came forth from the seclusion of the convent conquering and to conquer. Her path was beset by urgent suitors who, had the days of chivalry not been hopelessly past, would no doubt have been glad to enter the lists against each other, and settle the matter by a series of combats *à l'outrance*. In spite, however, of sighs and songs, of deeds of daring, of vows and protestations from lovers tall and lovers short, lovers dark and lovers fair, men of brain and men of bullion, Mademoiselle Angelique kept on her way, granting to none the slightest ground for believing himself the object of any special favor.

The fact of the matter was, they all alike failed to find the clew that revealed the way into that most puzzling of labyrinths, a beautiful woman's heart. Not only so, but their uniform failure reacted upon herself, and she began to wonder if she really had a heart to be won; if she were capable of loving as she knew some of her companions loved. The thought troubled her not a little, for the prospect of life without love was most repellent, and all her beauty, wealth and position were in her eyes not to be compared with an absorbing affection worthily bestowed and fully reciprocated.

So it was in this mood that she accepted an invitation from her aunt, who resided in Montreal, to spend the winter with her, and to share in the distractions of the social season. Madame Taché held a leading place in society, her luxurious home being the scene of many a brilliant gathering, and as a member of her family, Angelique would find every avenue of enjoyment wide open to her on her arrival in Montreal.

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She went with purpose fully settled to leave none of them unentered. Somehow or other, the conviction had crept into her mind that a crisis in her life was drawing near; that the winter would decide whether or not she was the same as other girls. She left Quebec with the question unsettled. Perchance the answer awaited her in Montreal.

Shortly after her arrival at Madame Taché's, a splendid ball was given in her honor, to which came the élite of the city, and the Colonel and officers of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Angelique, even if the circumstances had not made her the central figure of the function, would have won the position for herself. Never before had she seemed more lovely. The men vied with each other in going into raptures over her multiplied perfections, and she was so charmingly naïve and natural in her manner that not even the dowagers, with marriageable daughters, could find it in their hearts to

deny that she was a remarkably attractive girl. The officers demanded to be presented almost in a body, and it took all Madame Taché's tact to prevent her niece from being fairly mobbed. As it was, she cleverly solved the situation by introducing them in order, according to rank, and Angelique derived a vast deal of amusement from her new acquaintances. Colonel Stephenson took advantage of his being a paterfamilias to pay her all sorts of straight-from-the-shoulder compliments that she deftly turned aside, while little Ensign O'Toole was so bashful and nervous that he positively could get out little more than that it was "a monstrous fine ball," and that Madame Taché always did "do the handsome thing."

Out of the rank of them she instinctively selected two as appealing most strongly to her sense of congeniality. These were Major Gardiner and Captain Redmond. Aside from their both being tall and symmetrical of figure, two men more dissimilar in physical characteristics could hardly be imagined. The Major was dark of hair, eyes and complexion, and on his strongly marked features were plainly written the qualities of energy, determination and promptitude. The Captain, on the other hand, was a decided blonde as to appearance, and a jovial dilettante as to disposition, though capable enough of heroic action should occasion demand.

That ball marked the beginning of an episode which presently attracted the interest of society in an unusual degree. The circumstances certainly were not a little peculiar, as the two officers, who ere long came to be accepted as the recognized rivals for Angelique's favors, with whom it was mere waste of time for any others to contend, had previous to her appearance upon the scene been such intimate friends that little Lieutenant O'Gorman, always glad of an opportunity to show that he was on easy terms with the classics, had nick-named them Damon and Pythias. Gardiner evidently enjoyed Redmond's joviality and light-hearted insouciance, while Redmond no less plainly found in the Major's quiet strength of will and clear, cool judgment the very elements his own nature lacked.

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When it became clear that they were both captives of Mademoiselle Laurier, their brother officers and society in general began to ask of one another: "What will become of their friendship now? Will it, can it, stand such a strain as this?"

Of course, all were alike skeptical as to its doing so, and some of the most eager sensation hunters discussed under their breath the possibility of an early morning meeting, somewhere in the mountains, with pistols, seconds, and surgeons also, on the program. But the actual course of events, ever humorously careless of the reputations of prophets, seemed once more determined to put them at fault. Either Angelique possessed more than ordinary skill in keeping two beaux on her string, or so profound was the friendship between the two men that not even an influence so disturbing as a tender interest in the same woman could set them at variance. The keenest observer—and the three were watched by many eyes—failed to detect that Mademoiselle Laurier betrayed the faintest preference for either of her handsome admirers, and, whatever was the understanding, if any, between the latter, they undeniably showed not the slightest sign of making her a *casus belli*. It certainly was a curious affair and aroused abundant speculation, but as the three principals kept their own counsel, despite every attempt to sound them, the gossips got nothing for their pains, and when, about a fortnight before the advent of the Lenten season, Angelique was unexpectedly called back to Quebec, she left them in quite a pathetic state of ignorance and bewilderment.

Had she accepted one of the gallant officers, or had she rejected them both? Had they, indeed, given her the opportunity to accept or reject? No one, not even Madame Taché, could tell. The Major and the Captain were alike inscrutable, the gay humor of one proving quite as effective a barrier to curious inquiry as the quiet reserve of the other. This much only seemed clear—that no cloud had fallen upon their friendship, and the coming and the passing of the bewitching brunette would appear to have not even ruffled the steadfast serenity of their amity, and, for once, appearances were correct.

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Chapter II

THE frost king had been acting very oddly that winter. The days had slipped by and Christmas drew near, and still the ground was bare and brown, and the great river, unprotected by its accustomed icy breastplate, ran wonderingly on to the ocean.

The coming of Christmas was signalized by a tremendous snowstorm which paralyzed traffic the whole Province through. The next event was an intense frost, and in forty-eight hours "the waters were hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep was frozen." For weeks thereafter no more snow fell, and there was such skating on the river as there had not been before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Day after day the ice was dotted over with swift-speeding figures, and a mania for the delightful sport took possession of the city, and business being then in the very depths of its customary midwinter stagnation, nearly everybody that wished to do so was free to go skating. Not a day passed that Major Gardiner and Captain Redmond did not spend some portion of it upon the ice. They were both good skaters, Gardiner being the stronger and swifter, Redmond the more expert and graceful.

Having thus indulged his grateful subjects with an unparalleled period of open-air skating, the frost king, near the end of February, further bewildered the oldest inhabitant by suddenly withdrawing his presence, and a thaw set in which threatened to turn winter into spring most prematurely. Pools and ponds of water shimmered all over the surface of the St. Lawrence, the roads were reduced to an endless series of *cahots*, the air was heavy with moisture and exceedingly enervating.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Redmond, vigorously, one morning, as he and Gardiner were walking back to their quarters from parade, "this is too beastly bad. How are we ever to get to Quebec if this sort of thing keeps up? The roads are simply awful, everybody says. Nothing but bump-bump-bump every yard of the way. You can't get to Quebec under two days."

"Are you so very anxious to go?" asked Gardiner, with a quiet, roguish smile.

"Of course I am," replied Redmond promptly. "I'm not only anxious to go, but I'm bound to do it, if I have to walk there. I imagine you're in pretty much the same box, aren't you, old fellow?" and it was now his turn to smile as he regarded his companion with a quizzical, inquiring glance.

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Gardiner made no answer, but his silence was of a kind that implies assent, and, another officer joining them at that moment, nothing more was said before they separated.

Their desire to go to Quebec arose from the same cause. Mademoiselle Laurier had arranged to give a splendid ball before the Lenten season would put a veto on such gayety, and very cordial invitations had come to both the Major and the Captain. These invitations were eagerly accepted, and, although not a word of mutual explanation had passed between the two men, there was a tacit understanding that this ball would decide their fate in regard to Mademoiselle Angelique. The situation was a very strange one. They both loved the lovely brunette, and each thought the other enjoyed her preference, yet was not certain of the matter, and, instead of harboring jealousy, they were magnanimous enough to leave the issue in the hands of the lady herself, in the meantime permitting no discord to mar the harmony of their long-established friendship.

The thaw continued up to within three days of the ball, and then, as suddenly as he had departed, the frost king reappeared, in a single night freezing everything into cast-iron solidity. When Gardiner and Redmond met the next morning at breakfast the former was radiant.

"Hurrah! old chap. Isn't this splendid? No trouble about getting to Quebec now," he exclaimed.

Redmond, who bethought himself at once of icy roads torn by ragged ruts, and broken up into innumerable *cahots*, far worse now than they had been during the thaw, looked a little puzzled, and murmured something about "frightful roads," and "probability of broken necks," whereat Gardiner burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow, I don't mean to go by coach; our portmanteaus can go that way. The bumps won't hurt them. My plan is to skate down."

"Skate down!" cried Redmond in surprise. "Are you in earnest? Why, man, the distance is fully a hundred and fifty miles!"

"I never was more in earnest in my life," answered Gardiner seriously. "The ice will be in a grand condition along the north shore, and I'm sure it would be infinitely better skating down than being bumped over those awful roads for two days."

Redmond, realizing that his friend fully meant what he said, took a little while to reflect before he made answer. Then, with a face that betokened that his mind was made up also, he said:

"Look here, Gardiner; I'll make a bargain with you. You may be equal to a tremendous long skate like that. I'm not. I'll take my chances on the road. We'll make a race of it, and the man that reaches Quebec first will have the privilege of speaking first to La Belle Angelique. Do you agree?"

For answer Major Gardiner held out his hand. The Captain grasped it heartily in his, and the covenant was made.

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Chapter III

BRIGHT and early on the following morning their unique race was entered upon. The sun shone from a cloudless sky; the thermometer stood fifteen degrees above zero; the air was the purest, clearest and most exhilarating in the world, and not a breath of wind disturbed it. Attired in a close-fitting reefer, trim knickerbockers, and a sealskin cap, and carrying nothing but a stout stick, Major Gardiner set forth on his long spin down the great river at the same moment that Captain Redmond drove away from the barracks in a stout pung behind two sturdy and fast French-Canadian ponies.

Gardiner had spent the preceding evening studying a chart of the river with the assistance of a friend, who knew every bend and reach of the mighty stream, and they had planned out his course in this fashion: Lanoraie, nearly fifty miles away, ought to be reached soon after mid-day. There he would have lunch and a brief rest, and thence set out for Three Rivers, forty miles farther on, where, by dint of steady skating, he might be by dusk. Then, should the night be fine and clear, he could, after dinner, take advantage of the moon, which was in full splendor, to push on to Portneuf, thus leaving little more than forty miles to be finished the next morning; this would insure his success.

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Exulting in his strength and skill, and confident that, barring accidents, he would have no difficulty in outstripping Redmond, the Major sped over the ice with long, steady strokes, that soon caused Longue Pointe to vanish in the distance, and brought him into the midst of the maze of islets which often hid altogether from sight the low, flat shores that hemmed in the great river. Keeping carefully to the course decided upon, Pointe aux Trembles, Repentigny and Lavaltrie were one after another sighted and passed as the hours slipped by, the solitary skater pausing only to refill his pipe, and draw breath from time to time, as the occasion demanded.

He was very glad when the long chain of islands at last came to an end, and, dashing out into the broad reach of river, he presently descried the clustered roofs of Lanoraie showing dark amid the snow-banks, for he was beginning to feel very weary and desperately hungry.

It was a little after midday when he drew up at Lanoraie, with appetite keen as a razor. A good lunch, an hour's lounge in the hotel parlor, and he buckled on his skates and was off again with Three Rivers as his objective point. The bewildering maze of islands, which fills the western end of Lake St. Peter, bothered him not a little, and he lost some time by not sticking to the main channel, but at length, keeping well toward the north shore, he pegged away steadily, and ere the dusk began to gather he reached and passed Pointe du Lac, and was thus assured of getting to Three Rivers in good time for dinner. This he accomplished by dint of extra speed, but he was pretty well done out when, shortly after six o'clock, the lights of Three Rivers flashed out, over the sparkling ice, their welcome to the weary wayfarer, who, gladly unstrapping his skates, made haste to find the best hotel.

He was, of course, the subject of all sorts of inquiries, which he answered pleasantly enough as he disposed of a good dinner, and afterward rested for an hour before resuming his journey. The landlord did his best to dissuade him from going any farther that night, telling him that he was more than half way already, and could do the remainder of the distance much better after a good night's rest; but he was not to be moved. The river between Three Rivers and Portneuf was free from difficulties. There were no islands nor rapids to bother him, and the moon, whose ruddy sphere was already rising above the river's lofty bank, would make every step of his way plain. So, soon after eight o'clock, he sallied forth into the brilliant moonlight, feeling by no means in the mood for spurting, yet undaunted in his determination to make Portneuf ere laying aside his skates for the night.

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The evening was glorious beyond description, and he was in the midst of fairyland. All about him the flawless ice gleamed and glinted like a mighty mirror, stretching away, before and behind, until lost in the dim distance, while on either hand rose the dark lines of the river-banks, their sombre shadows relieved ever and anon by the welcome flash of lights that sent their yellow rays out from cozy homes wherein the inhabitants were gathered around their warm fire-sides. Very welcome were those cheery lights to the tired skater, toiling resolutely onward, and as he passed by Champlain, Batiscan, Pierre des Becquets, St. Jean des Chaillons and Lotbiniere, he was glad that his route lay along a river upon whose shores the homes of men followed one another in almost unbroken succession. The distance to Portneuf seemed double what he calculated, and his rate of progress grew steadily slower as his weariness told more and more upon him. Dauntless and determined of spirit as he was, he began to regret not yielding to the persuasions of the landlord at Three Rivers; but with head bent forward, and his arms swinging steadily in stroke with his feet, he forced himself onward, although every yard gained cost him increasing effort.

One by one the lights went out in the cottages, their disappearance deepening his oppressive sense of loneliness. A less resolute man would have given up going any farther, and become a suppliant for a night's lodging at one of the many farmhouses, but he knew right well that one mile then would be as good as two the following morning, and inspiring himself with the thought of reaching Quebec before his friend and rival, he stuck doggedly to his work, until at last, as eleven o'clock drew near, it brought him to his goal. So thoroughly exhausted was he that he scarce had strength to take off his skates, and dragging himself ashore at Portneuf he sought out the hotel and flung himself down in the first bed he could find, where he slept like a log until long after sunrise.

It is safe to say that in all Canada there was not a sorer, stiffer man than Major Gardiner when he woke that morning at Portneuf. Every nerve and muscle protested against any further exertion. He fairly groaned with pain while getting into his clothes, and but for his covenant with Redmond would certainly have secured a sleigh wherein to complete his journey. To have done so, however, would have been to confess defeat, and this was not to be thought of, so, unheeding his poor body's appeals for consideration, as soon as he had finished breakfast he strapped on his skates and once more set his face toward Quebec.

The fine weather still held, and as he slowly made his way along, the stiffened muscles gradually relaxed, until by the time five miles had been accomplished, they ceased their protests and did their work almost as well as the day before. There was no need to press them very hard, as he had but forty miles to go, and the whole day to do it in, provided, of course, he were sure that Captain Redmond would not outstrip him, and of this he felt pretty confident. He knew the difficulties of the road between Montreal and Quebec, and he calculated that, with the best of luck, his rival could hardly be ahead of him. He felt sure of winning.

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On he went, past Cape Santé, Les Ecureuil, Pointe aux Trembles, St. Augustin, and point after point of the sinuous stream that was ever broadening as it hastened oceanward. At last, sweeping around a bend, his eager eyes were gladdened by the welcome sight of the rock of Quebec thrusting its vast bulk, not unlike the form of a stupendous lion couchant, out into the mighty river.

"Hurrah!" he shouted in his joy at the sight, swinging his cap about his head. "There's the winning-post. I'd give ten pounds to know where Redmond is."

He forgot his well-nigh intolerable weariness for the moment, and put on a bit of a spurt which carried him on toward Wolfe's Cove, when he halted for a few minutes to take breath before making a final dash for Quebec. As he looked around he noticed a sleigh coming down the river nearly a mile behind him. It was evidently being driven at top speed, judging by the quick jingle of bells that came to him over the ice in the still morning air. Moreover, the driver, not content with the road laid out on the ice, was trying to shorten it by cutting across the curves, regardless of the fact that these little detours were usually made in order to avoid dangerous spots in the ice, which was not to be implicitly trusted in that locality.

As he watched the rapidly approaching sleigh the thought flashed into Gardiner's mind:

"By Jove! Perhaps that's Redmond, and he'll be giving a 'view hallo' in another minute."

Gathering himself together for a vigorous burst of speed, he had just made a swift stroke when there reached his ears a shout as of one in peril, and, wheeling round again, he saw, to his horror, that the sleigh had disappeared.

"My God!" he cried. "He's broken through. I must go to his help, whoever he is."

Back he darted with all his might, and reached the gaping hole just as a head appeared out of its black depths. One glance sufficed for identification. It was no other than Redmond, looking pitifully bedraggled and distressed, as he strove to pull himself out on the splintering ice.

Catching sight of Gardiner, a curious look of mingled relief and amusement came into his face.

"Is that you, old man?" he panted. "Help us out of this beastly hole like a good fellow, unless"—and here a quizzical smile played about his pale lips—"you'd rather have me out of the way altogether."

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The ice was so much cracked that Gardiner could not get near enough to Redmond to grasp his hand, but his quick wit suggested an expedient. Pulling off his coat he held it by one sleeve, and venturing as close as he dared threw it toward his friend. After a couple of misses Redmond succeeded in grasping the other sleeve, and thus was drawn safely out upon the sound ice.

"There you are, my boy," exclaimed Gardiner, with a vast sigh of relief. "And now, how am I to get you to Quebec?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Redmond ruefully. "Unless you can pull my horse and sleigh out also."

But alas! there was no chance of that, as they had both already vanished—carried away by the remorseless current to a fate that their reckless driver would inevitably have shared but for his friend's timely succor.

Happily, as the two men were considering what was to be done, a large sleigh with only one occupant came into sight. Gardiner went in pursuit of it, and without difficulty persuaded the driver to take Redmond as a passenger. Wrapped in the warm fur robes, he would be safe from further chill, and could be driven directly to the nearest hotel.

Having fully arranged this, and tucked Redmond snugly in, the Major was about to start off again on his skates when the Captain exclaimed, in lively surprise:

"Say, old chap, aren't you going to get in, too?"

"No, sir," was the decided answer. "I'm going to finish in the way I started, even though you get there first;" and, so saying, the Major, feeling a good deal rested by the unexpected halt, went skimming on toward the city at a rate that quickly left the sleigh behind.

Instead of urging the man to quicken his speed, Captain Redmond begged him to drive slowly, pretending that it suited him better, consequently, when Major Gardiner reached the wharves the sleigh still had some distance to go; he was the undoubted winner of the curious contest.

Both men appeared at the ball in brilliant uniforms, their portmanteaus, which had been sent on ahead by the mail sledge, arriving in the nick of time. It was a splendid fête. The Laurier mansion pulsated with light and music, and glowed with beautiful flowers and lovely women. Mademoiselle Angelique greeted them with scrupulously impartial warmth. Whichever had the advantage, neither certainly could tell from any perceptible difference of welcome. They both begged for as many dances as she would grant them, but, oddly enough, they were in the same predicament as to being unable to dance a step, the tremendous exertion of the one having a no less disabling an effect than the involuntary icy bath of the other. They therefore had to sit out their numbers, but Major Gardiner's opportunity came late in the evening, when the dim, cool depths of the conservatory looked most particularly inviting. He had been describing some of the incidents of his long skate to his fair companion, who listened with lively interest.

"And so you skated all the way from Montreal in order to be present at my ball?" murmured Mademoiselle Angelique, with a blush suffusing her exquisite cheek as she added: "Truly, sir, you are *un preux chevalier*."

Whatever other qualities Gardiner may have lacked, he was not deficient in either penetration or promptitude, and there surely can be no necessity to detail the events immediately succeeding the utterance of those few slight but inspiringly significant words.

Major Gardiner outstayed all the other guests that night, yet on his return to the hotel he found his friend still up, and evidently awaiting him. He had hardly entered the room before the latter's searching glance read his happy secret in his countenance. Redmond seemed to shiver for a moment as though a spasm of pain had seized his heart, but almost instantly, by a splendid effort, he regained his self-control, and holding out his hand, said in a voice so firm that he wondered at it himself:

"You need not tell me, old man. I congratulate you with all my heart. You'll let me be your best man, won't you?"

The Trial of Abner Calihan

THE HERESY OF A LOVER OF GOOD WORKS

By Will N. Harben

NEIL FILMORE'S store was at the crossing of the Big Cabin and Rock Valley roads. Before the advent of Sherman into the South it had been a grist mill, to which the hardy mountaineers had regularly brought their grain to be ground—in wagons, on horseback or on their shoulders, according to their conditions. But the Northern soldiers had appropriated the miller's little stock of grain, had torn down the long wooden sluice which had conveyed the water from the race to the mill, had burned the great wheel and crude wooden machinery, and rolled the massive grinding-stones into the deepest part of the creek.

After the war nobody saw any need for a mill at that point, and Neil Filmore had bought the property from its impoverished owner and turned the building into a store. It proved to be a fair location, for there was considerable travel along the two main roads, and, as Filmore was postmaster, his store became the general meeting-point for everybody living within ten miles of the spot. He kept for sale, as he expressed it, "a little of everything, from shoe-eyes to a sack of guano." Indeed, a sight of his rough shelves and unplaned counters filled with cakes of tallow, beeswax and butter, bolts of calico, sheeting and ginghams, and the floor and porch heaped with piles of skins, cases of eggs, coops of chickens and cans of lard, was enough to make an orderly housewife shudder with horror or long to "clean up."

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But Mrs. Filmore had grown accustomed to this state of affairs in the front part of the house, for she confined her domestic business, and whatever neatness and order were possible, to the room in the rear, where, as she often phrased it, she did the "eatin' an' cookin', an' I never interfeer with pap's part except to lend 'im cheers when thar is more'n common waitin' fur the mail-carrier." And her chairs were often in demand, for Filmore was a deacon in Big Cabin Church, which stood at the foot of the green-clad mountain a mile down the road, and it was at the store that his brother deacons met to transact church business.

One summer afternoon they held a very important meeting. Abner Calihan, a member of the church and a good, industrious citizen, was to be tried for heresy.

"It has worried me more'n anything that has happened sence them two Dutchmen, over at Cove Spring, swapped wives an' couldn't be convinced of the'r error," said long, lean Bill Odell, after he had come in and borrowed a candle-box to feed his mule in, and had given the animal eight ears of corn from the pockets of his long-tailed coat, and left the mule haltered at the hitching-post.

"U'r sense the Widder Dill got mad and swore she was gwine to sue Hank Dobb's wife fur witchcraft," replied Filmore, in a hospitable tone. "Take a cheer; it must be as hot as a bake-oven out thar in the sun."

Bill Odell took off his coat and folded it carefully and laid it across the beam of the scales, and unbuttoned his vest and sat down, and proceeded to mop his perspiring face with a red bandanna. Toot Bailey came in next, a quiet little man of about fifty, with a dark face, straggling gray hairs and small, penetrating eyes. His blue jean trousers were carelessly stuck into the tops of his clay-stained boots, and he wore a black coat, a "hickory" shirt and a leather cap. Mrs. Filmore put her red head and red, freckled face out of the door of her apartment to see who had arrived, and the next moment came out dusting a "split-bottomed" chair with her apron.

"How are ye, Toot?" was her greeting as she placed the chair for him between a jar of fresh honey and a barrel of sorghum molasses. "How is the sore eyes over yore way?"

"Toler'ble," he answered, as he leaned back against the counter and fanned himself with his slouch hat. "Mine is about thro' it, but the Tye children is a sight. Pizen oak hain't a circumstance."

"What did ye use?"

"Copperas an' sweet milk. It is the best thing I've struck. I don't want any o' that peppery eye-wash 'bout my place. It'd take the hide off'n a mule's hind leg."

"Now, yo're a-talkin'!" and Bill Odell went to the water-bucket on the end of the counter. He threw his tobacco quid away, noisily washed out his mouth, and then took a long drink from the gourd dipper. Then Bart Callaway and Amos Sanders came in together. Both were whittling cypress sticks, and looking cool and comfortable.

"We are all heer," said Odell, and he added his hat to his coat and the pile of weights on the scalebeam, and put his right foot on the rung of his chair. "I reckon we mought as well proceed."

At these words the men who had arrived last carefully stowed their hats away under their chairs and leaned forward expectantly. Mrs. Filmore glided noiselessly to a corner behind the counter, and with folded arms stood ready to hear all that was said.

"Did anybody inform Ab of the object of this meeting?" asked Odell.

They all looked at Filmore and he transferred their glances to his wife. She flushed under their scrutiny and awkwardly twisted her fat arms together.

"Sister Calihan wuz in heer this mornin'," she deposed in an uneven tone. "I 'lowed somebody amongst 'em ort to know what you-uns wuz up to, so I told 'er."

"What did she have to say?" asked Odell, bending over the scales to spit at a crack in the floor, but not removing his eyes from the witness. "Tell us, Sister Filmore."

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"Law, I hardly know what she didn't say. I never seed a woman take on so. Ef the last bit o' kin she had on earth wuz suddenly wiped from creation, she couldn't a-tuk it more to heart. Sally wuz with 'er an' went on wuss than her mammy."

"What ailed Sally?"

Mrs. Filmore smiled irrepressibly. "I reckon you ort to know, Brother Odell," she said, under the hand she raised to hide her smile. "Do you reckon she hain't heerd o' yore declaration that Eph cayn't marry in no heretic family while yo're above ground? It wuz goin' the round at singin'-school two weeks ago, and thar hain't been a thing talked sence."

"I haint got a ioty to retract," replied Odell, looking down into the upturned faces for approval. "I'd as soon see a son o' mine in his box. Misfortune an plague is boun' to foller them that winks at infidelity in any disguise ur gyarb."

"Oh, shucks, don't fetch the young folks into it, Brother Odell," gently protested Bart Callaway. "Them two has been a-settin up to each other ever sence they wuz knee-high to a duck. They hain't responsible fur the doins o' the old folks."

"I hain't got nothin' to take back, an' Eph knows it," said the tall deacon, and his face flushed angrily. "Ef the membership sees fit to excommunicate Ab Calihan, none o' his stock 'll ever come into my family. But this is dilly-dallyin' over nothin'. You fellers 'll set thar cocked up, an' chaw an' spit, an' look knowin' an' let the day pass 'thout doin' a single thing. Ab Calihan is either fitten or unfitten, one ur t'other. Brother Filmore, you've seed 'im the most, now what's he let fall that's undoctrinal?"

Filmore got up and laid his clay pipe on the counter, kicked back his chair with his foot and stretched himself to his full height.

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"The fust indications I noticed," he began, in a raised voice, as if he were speaking to some one outside, "wuz the day Liz Wambush died. Bud Thorn come in while I wuz weighing up a side o' bacon fur Ab, an' 'lowed that Liz couldn't live through the night. I axed 'im ef she had made her peace, and he 'lowed she had entirely, that she wuz jest a-layin' thar shoutin' ever' breath she drawed, an' that they all wuz glad to see her reconciled, fur you know she wuz a hard case speritually. Well, it wuz right back thar at the fireplace, while Ab wuz warmin' hisse'f to start home, that he 'lowed that he hadn't a word to say agin Liz's marvelous faith, nur her sudden speritual spurt, but that in his opinion the doctrine o' salvation through faith, without actual deeds of the flesh to give it backbone, wuz all shucks an' a dangerous doctine to teach to a risin' gineration. Them wuz his words as well as I can remember, an' he cited a good many cases to demonstrate that the members o' Big Cabin wuzn't any more ready to help a needy neighbor than a' equal number outside the church. He wuz mad kase last summer, when his wheat wuz jest spillin', ever'body that come to he'p wuz uv some other denomination, an' the whole lot o' Big Cabin folks made some excuse ur other. He 'lowed that you——"

Filmore hesitated, and the tall man opposite him changed countenance.

"Neil, hain't you got a bit o' sence?" put in Mrs. Filmore sharply.

"What did he say agin me—the scamp?" asked Odell, firing up.

Filmore turned his back to his scowling wife, and taking an egg from a basket on the counter he looked at it closely.

"Lots that he ortn't to, I reckon," he said evasively.

"Well, what wuz some of it? I hain't a-keerin' what he says about me."

"He 'lowed, fur one thing, that yore strict adheerance to doctrine had hardened you some, wharas religious conviction, ef thar wuz any divine intention in it, ort, in reason, to have a contrary effect. He 'lowed you wuz money-lovin', an' uncharitable, an' unforgivin', an' a heap o' times un-Christian in yore persecution o' the weak an' helpless—they that has no food and raiment—when yore crib an' smoke-house is always full. Ab is a mighty good talker, an'——"

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"It's the devil in 'im a-talkin'," interrupted Odell angrily, "an' it's plain enough that he ort to be churched. Brother Sanders, you intimated that you'd have a word to say; let us have it."

Sanders, a big, heavy-set man, bald-headed and red-bearded, rose. He took a prodigious quid of tobacco from his mouth and dropped it on the floor at the side of his chair. His remarks were crisp and to the point.

"My opinion is that Ab Calihan hain't a bit more right in our church than Bob Inglesel. He's got plumb crooked."

"What have you heerd 'im say? That's what we want to git at," said Odell, his leathery face brightening.

"More'n I keered to listen at. He has been readin' stuff he ortn't to. He give up takin' the Advocate, an' wouldn't go in Mary Bank's club when they've been takin' it in his family fur the last five yeer, an' has been subscribin' fur the True Light ever sence Christmas. The last time I met 'im at Big Cabin, I think it wuz the second Sunday, he couldn't talk o' nothin' else but what this great man an' t'other had writ somewhar up in Yankeedom, an' that ef we all keep along in our little rut we'll soon be the laughin' stock of all the rest of the enlightened world. Ab is a slippery sort of a feller, an' it's mighty hard to ketch 'im, but I nailed 'im on one vital p'int." Sanders paused for a moment, stroked his beard and then continued: "He got excited sorter an' 'lowed that he had come to the conclusion that hell warn't no literal, burnin' one nohow; that he had too high a regyard fur the Almighty to believe that He would amuse Hisse'f roastin' an feedin' melted lead to His creatures jest to see 'em squirm."

"He disputes the Bible," said Odell conclusively, looking first into one face and then another. "He sets his puny self up agin the Almighty. The Book that has softened the pillers o' thousands; the Word that has been the consolation o' millions an' quintillions o' mortals of sense an' judgment in all ages an' countries is a pack o' lies from beginnin' to end. I don't see a bit o' use goin' furder with this investigation."

Just then Mrs. Filmore stepped out from her corner. She trembled with indignation.

"I hain't been axed to put in," she said warmly, "but ef I wuz you-uns I'd go slow with Abner Calihan. He's nobody's fool. He's too good a citizen to be hauled an' drug about like a dog with a rope round his neck. He fit on the right side in the war, an' to my certain knowledge has done more todes keepin' peace an' harmony in this community than any other three men in it. He has set up with the sick an' toted medicine to 'em, an' fed the pore, an' housed the homeless. Here only last week he got hisse'f stung all over the face an' neck helpin' that lazy Joe Sebastian hive his bees, an' Joe an' his triflin gang didn't git a scratch. You may see the day you'll regret it ef you run dry-shod over that man."

"We simply intend to do our duty, Sister Filmore," said Odell, slightly taken aback, "but you kin see that church rules must be obeyed. I move we go up in a body an' lay the case squar' before 'im. Ef he is willin' to take back' his wild assertions an' go 'long quietly without tryin' to play smash with the religious order of the community, he may remain in good standin'. What do you-uns say?"

"It's all we kin do now," said Sanders, and they rose and reached for their hats.

"You'd better stay an' look after the store," Filmore called back to his wife from the outside. "Somebody mought happen along." With a disappointed nod of her head she acquiesced, and came out on the little porch and looked after them as they trudged along the hot road toward Abner Calihan's farm. When they were out of sight she turned back into the store. "Well," she muttered, "Abner Calihan may put up with that triflin' lay-out a-interfeerin' with 'im when he is busy a-savin' his hay, but ef he don't set his dogs on 'em he is a better Christian 'an I think he is, an' he's a good un. They are a purty-lookin' set to be a-dictatin' to him who's better than they is."

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A little wagon way, which was not used enough to kill the stubby grass that grew on it, ran from the main road out to Calihan's house. The woods through which the little road had been cut were so thick, and the foliage so dense, that the overlapping branches often hid the sky.

Calihan's house was a four-roomed log building which had been weather-boarded on the outside with upright, unpainted planks. On the right side of the house was an orchard, and beneath some apple trees near the door stood an old-fashioned cider-press, a pile of acid-stained rocks, which had been used as weights, and numerous tubs, barrels, jugs and jars, and piles of sour-smelling refuse, over which buzzed a dense swarm of honey-bees, wasps and yellow-jackets. On the other side of the house, in a chip-strewn yard, stood cords upon cords of wood, and several piles of rich pine-knots and charred pine logs which the industrious farmer had, on rainy days, hauled down from the mountains for kindling wood. Behind the house was a great log barn and a stable yard, and beyond them lay the cornfields and the fresh green meadow where a sinuous line of willows and slender canebrakes marked the course of a little creek.

The approach of the five visitors was duly announced to Mrs. Calihan and her daughter by a yelping rush toward the gate of half a dozen dogs which had been napping and snapping at flies on the porch. Mrs. Calihan ran out into the yard and vociferously called the dogs off, and hospitably invited the men into the little sitting-room.

Those of them who cared to inspect their surroundings saw a rag carpet, walls of bare, hewn logs, the cracks of which had been filled with yellow mud, a little table in the centre of the room, and a cottage organ against the wall near the small window. On the mantel stood a new clock and a glass lamp, the globe of which held a piece of red flannel, and some oil. The flannel was to give the lamp color. Indeed, lamps with flannel in them were very much in vogue in that part of the country at that time.

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"Me an' Sally wuz a-lookin' fur ye," said Mrs. Calihan as she gave them seats and went around and took their hats from their knees and laid them on a bed in the next room. "I don't know what to make of Mr. Calihan," she continued plaintively. "He never wuz this way before. When we wuz married he could offer up the best prayer of any young man in the settlement. The Mt. Zion meetin'-house couldn't hold protracted meetin' without 'im. He fed more preachers an' hosses than anybody else, an' some 'lowed that he wuz jest too natcherly good to pass away like common folks, an' that when his time come he'd jest disappear, body an' all." She was now wiping her eyes on her apron, and her voice had the suggestion of withheld emotions. "I never calculated on him bringin' sech disgrace as this on his family."

"Whar is he now?" asked Bill Odell preliminarily.

"Down thar stackin' hay. Sally begun on 'im agin at dinner about yore orders to Eph, an' he went away 'thout finishin' his dinner. She's been a-cryin', an' a-poutin', an' takin' on fur a week, an' won't tech a bite to eat. I never seed a gal so bound up in anybody as she is in Eph. It has mighty

nigh driv her pa distracted, kase he likes Eph, an' Sally's his pet." Mrs. Calihan turned her head toward the adjoining room: "Sally, oh, Sally, are ye listenin'? Come heer a minute!"

There was silence for a moment, then a sound of heavy shoes on the floor of the next room, and a tall, rather good-looking girl entered. Her eyes and cheeks were red, and she hung her head awkwardly, and did not look at any one but her mother.

"Did you call me, ma?"

"Yes, honey; run an' tell yore pa they are all heer, an' fur him to hurry right on to the house an' not keep 'em a-waitin'."

"Yes-sum!" And without any covering for her head the visitors saw her dart across the back yard toward the meadow.

With his pitchfork on his shoulder, a few minutes later, Abner Calihan came up to the back door of his house. He wore no coat, and but one frayed suspender supported his patched and baggy trousers. His broad, hairy breast showed through the opening in his shirt. His tanned cheeks and neck were corrugated, his hair and beard were long and reddish-brown. His brow was high and broad, and a pair of blue eyes shone serenely beneath his shaggy brows.

"Good-evenin'," he said, leaning his pitchfork against the door-jamb outside and entering. Without removing his hat he went around and gave a damp hand to each visitor. "It's hard work savin' hay sech weather as this."

No one replied to this remark, though they all nodded and looked as if they wanted to give utterance to something struggling within them. Calihan swung a chair over near the door, and sat down and leaned back against the wall, and looked out at the chickens in the yard and the gorgeous peacock strutting about in the sun. No one seemed quite ready to speak, so, to cover his embarrassment, he looked further over in the yard to his potato-bank and pig-pens, out in the direction of his haystack, and then up into the clear sky for indications of rain.

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"I reckon you know our business, Brother Calihan," began Odell in a voice that broke the silence harshly.

"I reckon I could make a guess," and Calihan spit over his left shoulder into the yard. "I hain't heerd nothin' else fur a week. From the talk, a body 'ud 'low I'd stole somebody's hawgs."

"We jest had to take action," replied the self-constituted speaker for the others. "The opinions you have expressed," and Odell at once began to warm up to his task, "are so undoctrinal, an' so p'intblank agin the articles of faith, that, believin' as you seem to believe, you are plumb out o' place in Big Cabin Church an' a resky man in any God-feerin' community. God Almighty"—and those who saw Odell's twitching upper lip and indignantly flashing eye knew that the noted "exhorter" was about to become mercilessly personal and vindictive—"God Almighty is the present Ruler of the entire universe, but sence you have set up to run agin Him it looks like you'd need a wider scope of territory to transact business in than jest heer in this settlement."

The blood had left Calihan's face. His eyes swept from one stern, unrelenting countenance to another till they rested on his wife and daughter who sat side by side, their faces in their aprons, their shoulders quivering with soundless sobs. They had forsaken him. He was an alien in his own house, a criminal convicted beneath his own roof. His rugged breast rose and fell tumultuously as he strove to command his voice.

"I hain't meant no harm—not a speck," he faltered, as he wiped the perspiration from his quivering chin. "I hain't no hand to stir up strife in a community. I've tried to be law-abidin' an' honest, but it don't seem like a man kin he'p thinkin'. He——"

"But he kin keep his thoughts to hisse'f," interrupted Odell sharply, and a pause came after his words.

In a jerky fashion Calihan spit over his shoulder again. He looked at his wife and daughter for an instant and nodded several times, as if acknowledging the force of Odell's words. Bart Callaway took out his tobacco quid and nervously shuffled it about in his palm as if he had half made up his mind that Odell ought not to do all the talking, but he remained mute, for Mrs. Calihan had suddenly looked up.

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"That's what I told him," she whimpered, bestowing a tearful glance on her husband. "He mought a-kep' his idees to hisse'f ef he had to have 'em, and not a-fetched calumny an' disgrace down on me an' Sally.

"When he used to set thar atter supper an' pore over the True Light when ever'body else wuz in bed, I knowed it ud bring trouble, kase some o' the doctrine wuz scand'lous. The next thing I knowed he had lost intrust in prayer meetin', an' 'lowed that Brother Washburn's sermons wuz the same thing over an' over, an' that they mighty nigh put him to sleep. An' then he give up axin' the blessin' at the table—somethin' that has been done in my fam'ly as fur back as the oldest one kin remember. An' he talked his views, too, fur it got out, an' me nur Sally narry one never cheeped it, fur we wuz ashamed. An' then ever' respectable woman in Big Cabin meetin'-house begun to sluff away from us as ef they wuz afeered o' takin' some dreadful disease. It wuz hard enough on Sally at the start, but when Eph up an' tol' her that you had give him a good tongue-lashin' an' had refused to deed him the land you promised him ef he went any further with her, it mighty nigh prostrated her. She hain't done a thing lately but look out at the road an' pine an' worry. The blame is all on her father. My folks has all been good church members as fur back as kin be traced, an' narry one wuz ever turned out."

Mrs. Calihan broke down and wept. Calihan was deeply touched; he could not bear to see a woman cry. He cleared his throat and tried to look unconcerned.

"What step do you-uns feel called to take next to—to what yo're a-doin' of now?" he stammered.

"We 'lowed ef we couldn't come to some sort o' understandin' with you now we'd fetch up the case before preachin' to-morrow, an' let the membership vote on it. It would go agin you, Ab, fur thar hain't a soul in sympathy with you."

The sobbing of the two women broke out with renewed volume at the mention of this dreadful ultimatum, which, despite their familiarity with the rigor of Big Cabin Church discipline, they had, up to this moment, regarded as a far-off contingent rather than as a positive certainty.

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Calihan's face grew paler. Whatever struggle might have been going on in his mind was over. He was conquered.

"I am agin bringin' reproach on my wife an' child," he conceded, a lump in his throat and a tear in his eye. "You all know best. I reckon I have been too forward an' too eager to heer myself talk." He got up and looked out toward the towering, cliffy mountains and into the blue indefiniteness above them, and without looking at the others, he finished awkwardly: "Ef it's jest the same to you-uns, you may let the charge drap, an'—an' in future I'll give no further cause fur complaint."

"That's the talk!" said Odell warmly, and he got up and gave his hand to Calihan. The others followed his example.

"I'll make a little speech before preachin' in the mornin'," confided Odell to Calihan after congratulations were over. "You needn't be thar unless you want to. I'll fix it up all right."

Calihan smiled faintly and looked shamefacedly toward the meadow, and reached outside and took hold of the handle of his pitchfork.

"I want to git through that haystack 'fore dark," he said awkwardly. "Ef you-uns will be so kind as to excuse me now I'll run down and finish up. I'd sorter set myself a task to do, an' I don't like to fall short of my mark."

Down in the meadow Calihan worked like a tireless machine, not pausing for a moment to rest his tense muscles. He was trying to make up for the time he had lost with his guests. Higher and smaller grew the great haystack as it slowly tapered toward its apex. The red sun sank behind the mountain and began to draw in its long streamers of light. The gray of dusk, as if fleeing from its darker self, the monster night, crept up from the east, and with a thousand arms extended moved on after the receding light.

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Calihan worked on till the crickets began to shrill and the frogs in the marshes to croak, and the hay beneath his feet felt damp with dew. The stack was finished. He leaned on his fork and inspected his work mechanically. It was a perfect cone. Every outside straw and blade of grass lay smoothly downward, like the hair on a well-groomed horse. Then with his fork on his shoulder, he trudged slowly up the narrow field-road toward the house. He was vaguely grateful for the darkness; a strange, new, childish embarrassment was on him. For the first time in his life he was averse to meeting his wife and child.

"I've been spanked an' told to behave ur it ud go wuss with me," he muttered. "I never wuz talked to that way before by nobody, but I jest had to take it. Sally an' her mother never would a-heerd the last of it ef I had let out jest once. No man, I reckon, has a moral right to act so as to make his family miserable. I crawfished, I know, an' on short notice, but, law me, I wouldn't have Bill Odell's heart in me fur ever' acre o' bottom-lan' in this valley. I wouldn't a'talked to a houn' dog as he did to me right before Sally an' her mother."

He was very weary when he leaned his fork against the house and turned to wash his face and hands in the tin basin on the bench at the side of the steps. Mrs. Calihan came to the door, her face beaming.

"I wuz afeerd you never would come. I got yore beans warmed over an' some o' yore brag yam taters cooked. Come on in 'fore the coffee an' biscuits git cold."

"I'll be thar in a minute," he said, and he rolled up his sleeves and plunged his hot hands and face into the cold spring water.

"Here's a clean towel, pa; somebody has broke the roller." It was Sally. She had put on her best white muslin gown and braided her rich, heavy hair into two long plaits which hung down her back. There was no trace of the former redness about her eyes, and her face was bright and full of happiness. He wiped his hands and face on the towel she held, and took a piece of comb from his vest pocket and hurriedly raked his coarse hair backward. Then he looked at her tenderly and smiled in an embarrassed sort of way.

"Anybody comin' to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eph Odell, I'll bet my hat!"

The girl nodded and blushed, and hung her head.

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Odell 'lowed that I mought look fur him."

Abner Calihan laughed slowly and put his arm around his daughter, and together they went toward the steps of the kitchen door.

"You seed yore old daddy whipped clean out to-day," he said tentatively. "I reckon yo're ashamed to see him sech a coward an' have him sneak away like a dog with his tail tucked 'tween his legs. Bill Odell is a power in this community."

She laughed with him, but she did not understand his banter, and preceded him into the kitchen. It was lighted by a large tallow-dip in the centre of the table. There was much on the white cloth to tempt a hungry laborer's appetite—a great dish of greasy string-beans with pieces of bacon, a plate of smoking biscuits, and a platter of fried ham in brown gravy. But he was not hungry. Silently and clumsily he drew up his chair and sat down opposite his wife and daughter. He slid his thumb under the edge of his inverted plate and turned it half over, but noticing that they had their hands in their laps and had reverently bowed their heads, he cautiously replaced it. In a flash he comprehended what was expected of him. The color surged into his homely face. He played with his knife for a moment and then stared at them stubbornly, almost defiantly. They did not look up, but remained motionless and patiently expectant. The dread of the protracted silence, for which he was becoming more and more responsible, conquered him. He lowered his head and spoke in a low, halting tone:

"Good Lord, Father of us all, have mercy on our sins. Help us to bear the trials of this life, and make us truly thankful fur these, Thy many blessings. Amen."

A Woman Out of Her Place

THE COURTSHIP OF THE VICOMTE

From the French of L. de Tinseau

THOMAS P. CORBINS lives a mile or two out of Hartford, on rising ground above a pretty tributary of the Connecticut. He is an excellent fellow, and though his establishment is on a simple scale, because he happens to prefer it, he has made his pile, either by revolvers or bicycles, industries which really flourish in that locality.

His wife is dead, and he has only one child, a very pretty daughter. But every autumn his little house is packed full, for his two married sisters, both younger than himself, come in the holidays, each with two children.

In this state of things, one very hot September morning, Miss Dorothy paid an early visit to her kitchen, to give the day's orders. The cook was lolling back in an armchair, fanning herself like a Creole lady waiting for her morning cup of strong, black coffee, and, even with the experience of an American housekeeper, Dorothy felt something was wrong. But she knew what a cook was worth, especially with a houseful of visitors, and successfully controlled her voice, if her pretty eyebrows did involuntarily pucker a little.

"Well, Bridget, it is hot this morning, isn't it?"

"Hot!" was the sharp rejoinder, "you call that heat! Purgatory, I call it; and, what's more, I won't stand it."

"But, my dear girl," said Miss Dorothy, "it won't be cooler anywhere else. You don't expect to be anything but hot in September, do you?"

"Perhaps I do and perhaps I don't. But there's one thing I'm sure of. I won't go on cooking and washing-up for ten people. If it were only the four of us, I might try. How much longer are you going to keep this family boarding-house kind of a thing?"

"Our relations," said poor Dorothy, trying not to flare out, "have only been here five days. They came for a fortnight, and we can't very well ask them to go—just—because—of you!"

"Oh, dear, no! Oh, no! of course not. Keep them two weeks, two months if you like, or two years for the matter of that. It's nothing to me—I am going this moment."

"But, Bridget, you can't go like that. You are bound to give a week's notice."

"Oh, don't think I mind that—keep back the week's wages, of course. Money is nothing compared to my health."

She was as good as her word, too, and an hour later Dorothy was in the kitchen, cooking the luncheon and her pretty self into the bargain. Corbins never came home in the middle of the day, but there were eight to provide for without him. She was sitting at the head of the table, performing her duties as hostess, when she gave her guests her lively version of the family boarding-house scene, adding:

"The cooking, of course, I can manage; but, while I do it, you must not expect to see me here or in the drawing-room. I should go off my head if I had to be cook and the other thing, too. And the bother is, cooks won't be easy to get at this season, so near Newport."

It was a situation her aunts understood by experience. They, too, had been left in the lurch in their time, and were no whit the worse for it. They took it, therefore, philosophically, said nothing about going away, were sure Dorothy would manage beautifully, and were sanguine about a new cook. As to seeing much of their niece, of course they should not expect it.

So Dorothy buckled to her work with a good heart, especially when she had succeeded in coaxing the remaining domestic into undertaking the washing-up.

Every American girl, who does not live solely to travel and amuse herself, knows something about cooking. T. P. Corbins thought no professional's dishes had the flavor of Dorothy's.

In America, everything comes from the tradesman ready prepared for the stove; this, of course, relieves the cook of many disagreeables. And, in point of fact, Dorothy, in a cool dress and snowy, fine linen apron, looking her prettiest, was not particularly sorry for herself.

On one of these fortunate afternoons she was alone in the kitchen, the ingredients for a sponge cake, that was to be the finishing touch of the late dinner, neatly laid out before her; the sifted sugar, the flour, peel, so many eggs and the whisk beside them; everything weighed and proportioned out, methodically. There was no sign of hurry, and the kitchen seemed to be basking in a glow of ruddy light reflected from gleaming tins. The glow suited Dorothy's rich, warm coloring, and she looked even handsomer than usual.

Perhaps she knew it, for a little smile, just showing her small, pearly teeth, hovered on her parted lips as she flitted over the thick, soft linoleum.

Three more days and her labors would cease. The new cook was coming, and, as luck would have it, that same day the guests left. Another visitor was also coming, a particular friend of Dorothy, a nephew of her father, with whom she had a pleasant little cousinly flirtation. Nothing, she pretended to herself, in the least serious, but her instinct told her it would end in a proposal from him; her answer was the only real uncertainty—to herself, and to him.

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Three o'clock struck. Quite time to get the sponge cake out of the way and begin the heavier work of dinner.

Just about this time the electric tram, hurrying along like some great sea-monster, hooked to a line above, and bent on getting home, stopped before the house and dropped a young man. He was fair, his eyes blue, his mustache light; but it was not the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon race; and his clothes, neat, smart, carefully put on as they were, seemed part of his personality and had none of that stiff, new look which the well-dressed American appears to think the correct thing. Even the cut of his linen and the shape of his necktie were Parisian; and, in fact, Max de Résal had only very lately arrived in America.

Opening the small wicket near the larger entrance, through the high, red paling, he walked up a white pathway, shadowed by tall trees, and took in the character of the house he was approaching at a picturesque, ivy-covered angle. A veranda, commodious enough to use as a summer sitting-room, and raised three steps above the ground, supported a flight of steps that led into the one-storied house, the monotony of whose walls was relieved by bay windows, such as French architects copy, but not with much success. The slate roof descended with almost precipitous pitch to these walls, and it, again, was broken by odd gabled windows, opening in the middle, utterly unsymmetrical in arrangement, and garlanded with luxuriant hanging ivy. It was one of the least pretentious houses in Hartford, but no one could mistake the air of opulent comfort.

A Lapland wolf-dog, aroused from his slumbers in an armchair on the veranda, broke the intense stillness that hung like a spell over the house, and his noisy alarm brought a tousled mop of hair to one of the Queen Anne windows in the roof. Max felt he was expected to explain himself, and said, interrogatively:

"Mr. Corbins?" trying hard to hit off the right accent and make himself understood.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Translated by Margaret Mainland for the Strand Magazine.

Then he tried Courbins and Keurbins, and finally Corbince, but all apparently were equally unintelligible, and next he lost his temper.

"What the deuce do you want?" he cried, in the best of French. "Corbins lives here, doesn't he? The tram man said so, at any rate. And you don't suppose I should come here to look for George Washington, do you?"

This pleasantry fell rather flat on the young person with the flaxen head. She said something, however, and Max caught the word "kitchen" and saw her wave her hand.

"Let us find the kitchen, then," he said to himself; "but Pierre shall hear of this, sending me to such a place, wasting my time to no purpose."

As he went round the house, he caught a glimpse of the drawing-room through a large bay-window. It was a fine enough room in its way, but there was an appalling gas chandelier in the middle, utterly out of keeping with the really fine pictures on the walls—works of French artists.

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A little farther on a door was open with a screen drawn across it, inside, and Max, without any ceremony, walked in. The shutters were half-closed to keep out the light and flies, but he distinguished a woman's figure.

"Is it you, Willie?" she asked.

"Not Willie, I regret to say," he answered, in the best English he could muster. "I am a stranger, and want to see Mr. Corbins; but, by Jupiter, in this house there seems no one to speak to!"

Dorothy was just breaking her eggs, carefully separating yolks from whites, and, apparently not even noticing the reproach, answered, in a matter-of-fact way:

"Every one is out for the day. Mr. Corbins, of course, is at the factory. You ought to have gone there to look for him. You must have passed it——"

"Well, but how was I to know that? Besides, I don't want to see him on business."

"You have an introduction, then?"

"Certainly I have. Here it is."

Miss Corbins took the envelope from his hand, pulled out the card it contained, and, to the horror of Max, calmly read it. He had heard a good deal about the free-and-easy manners of the country, but this was beyond all he had ever imagined.

There were only a few words written on it.

"The Marquis de St. Cybars begs to remind Mr. Corbins of their acquaintanceship, and to introduce his great friend, the Vicomte de Résal, who is traveling in America for a few months."

The Marquis de St. Cybars, two or three years before, as Dorothy knew, had braved the perils of sea-sickness to visit America for the openly avowed purpose of finding what he called a "money-bag." The money-bag he found at Newport; an heiress who was no beauty, and whom his practiced arts had easily won. It was a marriage in haste, and, at least on the side of Lily Everson, had been repented at leisure. Dorothy's acquaintance with her had been very slight, but they had friends in common, and she knew all about Lily's woes.

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She remembered all this as she laid down the card and went on dividing the eggs.

But the actual situation was so comical she couldn't help smiling.

"He's just the cut of it himself," she thought. "He wants to find his money-bag, too. Shouldn't wonder if St. Cybars gave him a list of eligible names. Oh! isn't it a disgrace to us, that men who come plotting like that are almost sure to find girls ready to ruin their whole lives, just to have their things marked with a coronet! And he's not bad looking, either. But it won't pay him to waste his time in this house."

Not to marry him was easy enough, but to get out of giving him dinner was a harder matter. If she sent him to the factory, Corbins was certain to bring him back, and stranger, Frenchman, Vicomte, as he was, with no cook in the house, this would be too provoking.

In the meantime Max, becoming accustomed to the dim light, was making up his mind that the beauty of American cooks was quite as uncommon as their manners. She was a glorious creature; he felt he should like to talk to her.

It was not, however, left to him to start the conversation again. Schemes for baffling a would-be fortune-hunter had been busily working in Dorothy's brain while she concocted her cake. She spoke French fairly, and her next speech was in that language.

"So it's not on business you want to see Mr. Corbins?"

Up went Max's hands as if words were inadequate to express his amazement.

"She speaks French, too!" he cried. "Mademoiselle, in my country I should think you a disguised Princess. But here I have sworn that, after all the strange things I have seen in the last month, nothing shall astonish me. If I were told next that cooks in America are obliged, among other certificates, to have one for military proficiency, I should think it quite natural. Still, I must confess I think Mr. Corbin's cook breaks the record, as you say. Yes, if I have still any vestige of sense left, I think I did say I only wanted to pay Mr. Corbins a visit."

"Hem!" she said, coughing just a little. "He's not so very fond of visitors of that kind at the factory."

"And he's right enough there," said the young man; "but, all the same, if he never is to be found elsewhere by day, it seems to me it comes pretty much to not seeing him at all, for a traveler like me."

"Travelers like you," she said, a spice of malice in her tone, "are not very common in America. Frenchmen, especially, don't generally visit us for the pleasure of it."

"But," he went on, seating himself on a pitch-pine chair, "I give you my word, I am neither an engineer, a painter nor a writer."

"Well, then," said Dorothy, using the egg-beater vigorously, "I know what has brought you here. You want to catch an heiress! Oh, you may as well tell the truth to a poor servant like me!"

"When a young man wants a wife," said Max, "of course it's an heiress."

"Then you had better go to Newport, sir. It's the season there just now."

"But I have just come from there. I was there fifteen days and nights—if there was any night; there was none to rest in, at any rate. I should have died in another week. I only came away this morning. It's a dreadful place; I mean delightful, of course; but you know it, I dare say?"

"The Corbins were there for some time last year," explained Dorothy, who, by this time, was as much amused as her visitor. "And didn't you find what you wanted?"

"Not at all; yet it wasn't that I didn't dine, lunch, boat, dance, play tennis, and undergo concerts and excursions enough for a lifetime. But none of them would look at me."

"Well, at any rate," thought Dorothy, "if he is French, he's not conceited."

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Then aloud, as if to encourage him:

"Newport is, perhaps, too grand for a Vicomte. Such very rich girls go there. What a pity, now, you're not a Marquis, like M. de St. Cybars. He managed his affair quickly, I can tell you—I might almost say I saw the bargain struck. Servants do see so much, you know, and guess more. Poor Lily Everson. She knows it does not make a girl's life happy just to be a Marquise!"

"St. Cybars hasn't behaved well," said Max; "but, then, you see, he never cared for her. I'm not going to make that kind of marriage."

"Aren't you?" she asked. "Oh, dear, is it a poor American girl you want to marry, monsieur? There are plenty of that kind."

"Well," said Max, "you see, I'm poor myself, and what's more, I'm incapable of earning my living, so I must have a rich wife. But why shouldn't a rich wife love me? I shall never marry any one I don't love. I should like to get on well with the woman I marry. And, do you know, I really don't think I'm hard to get on with!"

"Ah! you talk well," said Dorothy, her dark eyes flashing a little; "and I understand, I suppose. It is my help you want?"

Max was about to protest, but she did not pause to listen.

"Well, I'll help you, then—that is, I will see that Miss Corbins hears exactly what you have said, every word of it, from beginning to end. And, in the meantime, you can be seeing her father. Don't be afraid he won't like it. Poor man! he does not have an offer for her every day! And then, a Vicomte, you know! Gracious goodness, he'll not put any spoke in your wheel."

For the last quarter of an hour Max had been thinking the whole thing a dream, but this hint roused him.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Is Miss Corbins——"

"Oh, she's a good, nice girl; if only she looked as nice as she is."

"Is she very ugly? A perfect monster?" asked Max, drawing a little closer.

"Oh, beauty is a matter of taste, you know. Of course, I don't know what you would call 'very ugly,' and 'a monster.' I shouldn't call her all that myself. But her neck is down somewhere between her shoulders; and, as to figure, well—she has none; of her complexion, too, you might say much the same thing. But, then, you must remember that out here men are exacting. Girls can't find husbands who are satisfied with money-bags. That's why I think you have such a good chance with the father."

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At this point she fully expected Max to say it was, of course, a pity Miss Corbins was so plain; but, after all, she was good, besides other advantages, and nothing could be perfect. And then she meant to turn on him and crush him with the words: "I am Miss Corbins!" uttered in the tones of a tragedy queen. And if, after that, he stayed to dinner, his appetite must indeed be a sturdy one.

But he said nothing at all, and took out of his pocket a French gold piece. This was adding bribery to all his other crimes, and, too angry to speak, she raised her arm to wave him out of the house.

"Look here," he said, "I want you to do me a favor. Would you mind not mentioning my visit at all?"

"And why shouldn't I mention it? What next are you going to do?"

"Well, I think I shall just run up to New York this evening. It only takes about three hours, doesn't it?—or is it two hours?"

Was he in earnest? she wondered; at any rate, she would try him once more.

"Going away?" she asked. "Don't forget, however, that old Corbins will give her a million—in cash, too—and could just as easily double it, if he chose."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way," said Max. "I shouldn't have taken you for that kind of girl. But it's no business of mine, after all. Only be careful what you say of me; there is no use in making Miss Corbins think too badly of me."

"Miss Corbins is an only child, too," she went on recklessly. "Perhaps you didn't know that? There's no telling what her fortune may be some day or other. Last year, just on one transaction, her father laid by eighty thousand dollars."

"I'm glad of it for his sake and hers," said Max. "But, all the same, I shouldn't like to spend my life with a woman such as you describe."

"Oh, you need not look much at her," said Dorothy. "You can spend her money, and leave her at home while you amuse yourself, like other French husbands."

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"I am sorry French husbands have such a bad character in America," he answered gently.

"Oh, they're delightful, of course—just to talk to, you know. But we don't think much of their stability or moral character. They flirt, too, with every pretty woman they come across, we think."

"Why do you go on saying such things?" he asked. "You ought not to do it, and why should you? You and I, for instance, have been alone together for the last half hour, and I have not even told you you were pretty, but I tell you so now, to punish you."

He stood a minute looking straight into her face; and she knew she had put herself in the wrong. It vexed her, perhaps, to have given him the advantage, for her hand shook a little as she poured the thick yellow cream she had been mixing into the shining mold, and her answer was slow in coming.

"I am sorry to have displeased you by misunderstanding you; but I think I have as much to complain of as you. You thought I need not mention your visit, but I don't think that would be doing my duty. Mr. Corbins certainly shall hear about it, but not what you came for. As for Miss——"

"Oh," said Max, "I'm not afraid of that. You see, I could tell her how charmingly you described her. Of course, if you mention my visit, I must come again."

This was said as if he wished to get out of it. "When you come again, sir," she went on, with mock humility, "you will be properly received in the drawing-room."

"Drawing-rooms are not always so amusing as some kitchens," he said. "I'm sorry, now, I'm not an author. How Paul Bourget, for instance, could describe the American cook."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," she said. "If you are, you may make mistakes, as the author of Outre-Mer did."

"I might have expected that!" cried Max. "You know Bourget, then? What a country! And to think I'm not likely ever to see you again!"

"Why not? You can see me to-morrow if you find me interesting. I am interesting, am I not?"

He paused a moment, not sure whether some other adjective might not be more expressive, but could think of nothing better than "Very interesting!" Then he looked straight into the honest, clear eyes that met his, and, leaving the money on the table, went away very slowly and reluctantly.

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The equilibrium of his ideas had undergone a disturbing experience, which the solitude of his room at Heublein's was far from correcting. To fill in the afternoon, he visited the Capitol and Athenæum, and, when he had dined, went for a long drive. The road, though dusty, was planted with fine trees, and the lights of the fading September day were exquisite. But in the silent monotony of this excursion, he thought neither of the "monster" he expected to see next day, nor of the pretty girls at Newport. Humbling as it was to confess it even to himself, he could think of nothing but the "cook."

His curiosity had been aroused; he had been amused, interested; more than this, charmed. She was handsome; of that there was no question; figure, eyes, features, expression, all were good, and she was remarkably intelligent. Still, she was but a cook after all, who wore a white apron, and beat eggs like any other cook. Max was not only a man of good family, but he was naturally correct, and it really annoyed him to think that, because fate had thrown him into a kitchen where a kind of Circe presided over the saucepans, he had been guilty of such folly as to let himself in for the loss of three days. For it was no good trying to humbug himself about it. He was not in the least obliged to dine at the Corbins; he was lingering only to see the Circe again. Of course, only once more. Even to think of anything beyond that made him uncomfortable. No one could look into those eyes without being inspired with a sort of respect; and then there was that horrid Willie somewhere in the background. Max felt a little jealous of him already. "Lucky fellow," he thought, "he can go to the kitchen and talk to the cook as much as he likes—his birth is no barrier between them."

He was thoroughly out of sorts by the time he went to his bed, and, when he fell asleep, dreamed he was a wild Indian, cutting his way into T. P.'s peaceful kitchen with his tomahawk.

But next day he had not to invent even the mildest of stratagems to carry out his purpose. For reasons of her own, Dorothy made things easy for him; and, thanks to an exciting baseball match in the neighborhood, he found the house as empty as the day before.

She seemed pleased to see him again, but not surprised.

"Well, you've come for the answer to your card?" she asked. "Here it is. Miss Corbins wrote it before she had to go out. You really are unfortunate about her."

"Perhaps not so very, after all," he said, popping the note, unopened, into his coat pocket.

"What," she cried, "are you not going even to read what——"

"The 'monster' writes?" he interrupted. "All in good time. Just now, I am more interested in something else. You have read Bourget, I know. Do you remember what he says about girls in America—I mean girls who—haven't much money, and who are so anxious to be well educated that, to go on with their studies, they hire themselves out in the holidays as servants?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "there was a girl here once who had read Virgil and Xenophon—a housemaid."

"Mademoiselle," said Max falteringly, "I am sure you are one of those girls."

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He looked at her with a kind of dread, as if her next words would be some decree of fate. He was answerable to no one for his actions; both his parents were dead.

She said nothing for a few seconds, and he felt she was scrutinizing him.

"You are paying me a compliment I don't deserve," she said presently. "I shall always be what I am now. And don't you think," she went on, with a charming smile, "that a good cook has her value?"

This little sally was not very consoling, and, as if thinking aloud, he said:

"What a pity!"

"What's a pity?" she asked.

It required a certain effort to bid her good by forever, and yet keep his secret, but he managed to say:

"I had hoped another destiny might have been yours. But, tell me, at any rate, are you really happy here?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Dorothy, her cheeks burning; "very happy indeed."

"That's all right, at any rate," he said. "And now, explain to me what you are making there."

"It's sherry jelly," she said, her voice hardly so firm as usual. "And that reminds me; what are your favorite dishes? You won't read the note, but I know it is an invitation to dinner to-morrow."

"Hang that dinner!" he said. "I hate the very name of it. I am going straight back to the hotel now, to write and tell the 'monster' that, to my regret, urgent business makes it necessary for me to start at once for New York."

"She meant it for the best, sir," she said. "This evening you would have found a large family party of sisters and cousins, and you might not like that. To-morrow there will be no one but you."

"And the 'monster'? Thank you. That settles it. I wish I were in the Pullman this minute, and had never come to Hartford."

He was on his feet, and on the point of bringing the situation—absurd, he called it now—to a close, when something occurred that irresistibly detained him. Dorothy was trying to uncork the sherry for her jelly, flushing with the effort and straining her graceful figure. It made him angry to see her, and taking the bottle imperiously out of her delicate hands, he drew the cork.

"This is not the sort of work you were intended for, my poor child," he said. "Surely, with your mental gifts, you could find something more suitable."

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She looked at him for a second or two, then said:

"And you? Wouldn't the world think you quite as foolish if they saw you now? But there is one thing certain—you are good."

"Good!" he grunted disgustedly. "I wish I were. It's not that; I am like other men. If you were as ugly and crooked as that daughter of Corbins, do you suppose I should be in this kitchen helping you? Yes; you're quite right about the world. Society has subverted the laws of Nature. Beauty, nowadays, counts for nothing. Money is the only thing. If I went home with the most horribly ugly woman in the world for my wife, my friends would all congratulate me, provided she had plenty of money. And if, on the contrary, I married the loveliest of women, who had been a poor servant, they would have nothing to say to me; and even my children could never marry in their own class. Yes, the world is unjust, contemptible, and stupid into the bargain."

"And still we have to take it as we find it," said Dorothy sagely.

This philosophical tone exasperated him.

"How strange it is that you should be so contented!" he said. "A woman of your

intelligence, your—your looks, and educated too—at any rate, your education begun—should be ashamed to go on vegetating in this kind of life. It is unworthy of you!"

"Ah, sir," she said, with a little sigh, "you don't know what the place here is worth to me."

"That's the kind of thing I can't bear to hear you say," he answered. "Don't you see, a servant can never be anything but a servant, and just think what that means!"

"Well," she said, "there is one servant, at any rate, who will always remember, Monsieur le Vicomte, that you and she cooked together one afternoon. Now, what makes you look so angry? Was there any harm in saying that?"

"No, no!" he said, "it's all right. I only wish I could talk like you and convince you. But, good-by. I sha'n't forget."

Dorothy was standing very still, her hands hanging over the back of a high chair, on which she was leaning, and she fixed her beautiful eyes steadily upon the young man.

"Sir," she said earnestly, "do not go away until you have dined with the Corbins."

"Why do you want me to dine with them? Do you want to show me how well you cook? I should hate the food. You a cook! I can't bear to think of it. Good-by!"

"I ask it as a favor, sir," she said. "Please do it, and I promise you I will—will—try to raise myself."

"And if I do, what good will it do either you or me? I shall belong to the 'monster'; I sha'n't so much as see you."

"Only come," she said; "you will see me, I promise you."

There were voices in the next room by this time, and Dorothy cried:

"Oh, do go now; the family have come."

Max was in the garden before she had finished the words, slinking, too, behind the bushes, that the "monster" might not see him, and interfere with his departure.

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An hour or so later Miss Corbins received the Vicomte de Résal's formal acceptance of her invitation, and, by the time it was in her hands, Max himself was on his way to Boston, for the time, at any rate.

"I might just as well fall in love with a Queen," he thought; "that apron is as much a barrier as a crown would be."

For the twenty-four hours he was away, he was incessantly finding fault. He was angry with himself; angry with St. Cybars; angry with Dorothy for not being her mistress; angry with her mistress for not being Dorothy. His thoughts revolved in a circle, and always came back to the same place.

"If there had been a proper servant or door-porter," he said to himself, "in that beastly hole of a house, I shouldn't have gone wandering to the kitchen like a tramp. I should have left the letter and come away, dined there that evening, probably, and have seen the 'monster,' and had done with her, in time to be back at Delmonico's for breakfast next morning. Now, no matter what happens, my visit to America is spoiled."

He arrived at Hartford next day, rather late in the afternoon, very tired, and as he got out of the car, a whole family, eight or nine in number, pushed their way in against him. He stood a moment on the platform to take breath after this outrage upon his dignity, and was relieving his feelings by swearing in purest Parisian, when a gentleman, whom he recognized as one of the invading horde, came close to him, looked at him, then addressed him in French:

"Monsieur le Vicomte de Résal, I think?"

"Perhaps so," he answered surlily. "I don't remember meeting you before."

"No. But I knew of your visit to Hartford, and it is not likely there are two men in the place who can swear so well in Parisian French as I heard you do a few minutes ago. My name is Corbins. My daughter tells me we are to see you at dinner this evening. I'm pleased to meet you, sir."

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He held out his hand, and Max, taking it, saw he was a fine-looking man in the full vigor of life; but there was no one on the platform whom, by any stretch of imagination, he could fit into his idea of the "monster"; she was at home, no doubt.

"Won't you come home with me now?" asked Corbins cheerfully. "You can have a talk with my girl. Sorry she's not here; she couldn't come to see her aunts off. Too busy at home. We have a new cook coming to-day."

"Has the other one gone?" asked Max, with almost ludicrous anxiety.

"Oh, yes! Not much loss, either. Too fine for her work. Couldn't stand heat and gave herself airs. I can assure you, sir, unless you study the American servant girl from life, you have no idea of her."

It was the drop too much, and Max would have liked to swear again. This, then, was what he had stayed over for; dinner at the Corbins, and the cook gone or sent away. Muttering some excuse for returning to his hotel, he left Corbins as quickly as he could.

The experience was new—he had never been seriously in love in his life before, and was accustomed, not only to think himself invulnerable, but to pride himself on the reputation of being so; but here he was, miserable because of this cook!

He inquired about night trains, chose the midnight express, and, according to the American custom, bought his ticket at his hotel, engaged his sleeping-berth, registered his baggage, all but a light bag, containing his day suit, to put on in the train, and then started for Corbins' house, dressed for the dinner.

The flaxen-haired Nova Scotian let him in and conducted him through large folding-doors to the lair of the "monster."

Apparently the room was empty, and Max thought he was too early; but another look revealed the figure of a lady seated in the dimly lighted recess of the bay window. He advanced, supposing it to be Miss Corbins, but the outline was pretty and graceful, though the features of the face were indistinguishable, and, with a little bow, he drew back. Just then, through a half-glazed door, he caught sight of soft puffs of tobacco smoke and heard the tones of masculine voices. As Miss Corbins had not thought it necessary to be in the drawing-room to receive her guests, he would join the other men in the smoking-room. The lady's husband was there, too, most likely, for of course she was married, as she wore diamond earrings. He had to pass by the bay window to get to the glazed door, and as he did so the lady looked straight at him, and for a moment he stood spellbound. The resemblance to the cook was too extraordinary; the same beautiful eyes, the same suggestion of mockery in the grave, sweet mouth; the same beauty altogether, but dazzling, now, in jewels, flowers, and white, gauzy costume.

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"What a fool I am!" said poor Max. "Everything reminds me of her."

Feeling he was looking ridiculous, he hurried off to put himself under Corbins' protection, and found him with an elderly clergyman, whom by no stretch of imagination could he suppose to be the lawful owner of the beautiful being in the next room.

Corbins received him with the warm cordiality of an American, introduced him to the minister, and then said:

"I ought to have been in there to receive you, but my daughter was, at all events. You know her, I think?"

"Miss Corbins is not in the drawing-room," said Max, ignoring the latter half of the sentence.

"Is she not? Oh, then, there is some more bother or other in the kitchen. Ah, sir! dinners come into the world ready-made in France; but here! It was just by the nearest shave my daughter hadn't to cook it, again, to-night herself."

"Again?" asked Max bewildered.

"Oh, yes!" said Corbins. "For the past week she has been covered up in an apron, cooking—for a houseful of people, too. It seems to astonish you, sir; but wait a bit longer before you think you understand us here. America is the finest country in the world—everything on such a grand scale, you know, and all that—when you see it from a distance; but, in closer quarters, it seems just a little different, somehow. But here is my daughter."

There she stood on the threshold of the door, just as Max had seen her a few moments before without recognizing her.

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"Come," she said, "dinner is ready."

She held out her hand to him as if no ceremony of introduction were required between them, and, taking his arm, led him into the dining-room. Without this he would never have got there.

"Courage," she whispered to him, her face radiant with amusement. "Haven't I kept my promise? I said I should try to raise myself, you know. Have I?"

"Yes," said poor Max, "you have, and to such purpose that I don't know how to look you or Mr. Corbins in the face."

She almost led him to his chair, into which he dropped, dumbfounded. Nor did he revive enough all through dinner to do credit to the conversational reputation of his countrymen.

The table, too, was overloaded with massive plate, but everything was full of such exquisite roses that criticism was impossible. The clergyman sat opposite Max, and, wishing to be agreeable, asked him, in very labored French, what he had seen of Hartford. Max would have liked to say he had seen nothing but Mr. Corbins' cook and kitchen; but it was impossible to take every one into his confidence, so he made some inane answer.

"My dear sir," said his host, "the first time I visited Paris, I saw the whole of it in one week. You have been in Hartford two days, and seem to have seen nothing. I really think we are right when we say Frenchmen don't know how to do their traveling. But to-morrow we must do better for you. I have not much time myself, but I will hand you over to my daughter. Perhaps you do not know we have celebrities here? Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe; Warner, too; you don't know him in France as well as you ought. But, Uncle Tom's Cabin you must have read."

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said the old clergyman, slowly, and with effort, "has come to visit us forty years too late. My celebrated friend, who made a whole generation weep over the wrongs of the slave, can no longer speak even to her friends."

"Well, and what does that matter?" asked Corbins; "he can have a look at her all the same, just to say he saw the greatest novelist of America. It will be something for him to be able to say even that much."

"I should like to see Mrs. Stowe," said Max, "but, unfortunately, I must leave Hartford to-night."

"Going to New York?" asked Dorothy, her large eyes twinkling with mischief.

"To New York, mademoiselle," he answered, "and afterward to France as soon as possible. I am obliged to go."

"But the train leaves a little before midnight," said Corbins; "you can't catch it."

"I have arranged to do that," said Max. "I took my ticket and registered my luggage, all but a little valise I have with me here. Frenchmen can 'do' their traveling better than you think sometimes."

Corbins said nothing more. A man was free to come and go as he pleased, according to his ideas of independence. Neither did Dorothy speak of the journey again, and dinner ended with conversation of the most commonplace and uninteresting kind.

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After coffee, Corbins and the minister adjourned to the garden to smoke. Miss Corbins thought it too cool for her in her evening dress, but begged Max not to think of staying with her in the drawing-room, if he wanted to smoke, too.

He looked at her a moment, and then said: "This is the first time this evening you have made fun of me." Then, after a pause, "No, thank you. I don't care for a cigarette to-night."

"I am afraid," she said, "you are going to leave us on bad terms with poor Hartford. But I don't think I can blame myself; I have done all I can to be friends with you. Even my father does not know about the book that is to have a special chapter on American cooks. He thinks you knew I was Miss Corbins when we met."

"What do I care if I am the laughing-stock of all America?" he answered. "I only mind being a fool in your eyes. If just for half an hour, or even for a moment, I was idiot enough to take you for the——"

"Don't say the word," said Dorothy, "if it hurts you so much. But, all the same, I'm proud of your mistake."

"Proud of it?"

"Yes, proud of your fantastic notions of our dear country, because of the germ of truth in them. You think anything is possible here, and you are not far wrong. My father, for instance, you know he is a 'gentleman'" (she used the English word that alone expressed her meaning), "though he made every penny he possesses, and, more than that, had to educate himself without help. You see how he receives you, how simply and naturally, though you are a Vicomte. And do you think my beating eggs is more astonishing than all that?"

"I don't think his money or even his manners are so wonderful as one other of his possessions," said Max.

"Now, you mean that for a compliment, but it is commonplace—I won't be so rude as to say French. I like the other sort better. I wonder if anybody will ever again pay me such a pretty one as you did when, thinking I was a servant, you, aristocrat that you are, helped me with my work!"

"Ah!" he said, "making fun of me again as you did then, little as I supposed it! Why don't you repeat that I make love to every woman I meet?"

"No, no! You wanted first to be sure I was a student——"

"Whatever I wanted, I have succeeded in making myself utterly ridiculous in your eyes. How you must have chuckled all the time! And I, like the fool I am, told you my secrets, too! If I had had a murder on my conscience, those eyes would have got it out of me."

"But just think how safe I've proved!"

"Safe! Yes, so safe, I am ashamed to look you in the face. It must be time for me to go now. I must not miss my train."

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"Well," said Dorothy, "you are the hardest man to please I ever saw. When you hear Miss Corbins is a 'monster,' you can't get away quick enough; and when you find out that she's not quite—quite that, you're in a greater hurry still. You must allow it's not very encouraging."

"It's very easy for you to laugh," he said. "It must have been as good as a play to you for the last two days. To-morrow you can tell all your friends—Cousin Willie especially—about it. Next week you will forget it; but for me——"

"You?" said Dorothy. "Oh, I am sure you will take twice that time to forget it. But you are French, you know. Perhaps if Hartford were a port you might sail to-night. But you will have time to reflect between this and Forty-second Street Station in New York. It will be very hot there; you will soon be on your way to Saratoga or the Catskills, according to the addresses on your introductions. You have some left, I suppose?"

"I have," he said, now in a white rage; "here they are," and, taking them out of his pocket, he tore them to bits and threw them on the carpet at her feet. She watched him quietly, but when she spoke her voice was a little altered.

"I can give you better ones," she said, then stopped suddenly. There was nothing cruel about her, and she saw tears in his eyes. He turned away from her, and, standing at the window, seemed to be gazing at the blue vault above, studded with stars.

The clock in the hall, where his little valise was, struck, first the Westminster chime, then the hour. Max counted the strokes, then crossed the room to Dorothy's armchair. She looked abstracted, a mysterious little smile floating on her lips, and with the point of her satin shoe she was poking the shreds of paper that a little while before had meant possible marriages for the man whose heart she held captive. But could she trust him?

He was master of his emotions now.

"Sixty minutes more, and then good-by forever. So I may speak as I dared not if we were to meet to-morrow. I am not leaving Hartford angry, as you call it. There is no one to blame but myself. It was my luck. It is not pleasant to discover what an unlucky beggar I am. I always thought the contrary before, and was rather proud of it, especially of never having had a love trouble in my life. But I did come to Hartford to look, not for a wife, but for my wife. I hoped to find her and take her home with me. Perhaps I counted a little on my happy star, but more on a loyal, honest wish to be happy with her and make her happy."

Dorothy listened, softly waving her white, fluffy fan, and taking in his every look and movement.

"To hear you talk," she said, "one might believe you had been on this search for years. America is rather big, you know."

"So I thought three days ago. But now it isn't a country, or a State, or even a town, to me; it is all one house, this house where my destiny was to be determined. If you knew what I felt the very first look you gave me—not a thunder-clap—as sudden, but so beautiful, so sweet! Don't you know what it is when one instrument sounds a single note, then the next instrument another, and so on, monotones merging into grand, mysterious harmony? It was like that, but I was ashamed because of it—because I thought you were. But it didn't spoil the harmony; you saw I couldn't go, didn't you?"

"Oh, you would have gone fast enough if I hadn't kept you by talking to you."

"Yes; you kept me by talking, to my misfortune. I fell into the trap; I was blind, yet I saw you. I told you all my secrets, too. You know my plan of campaign. How you must have laughed at me when I was gone! But you know I came here to marry you or some rich girl, and you know why I dare not say now I love you."

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She made a little face; to her he seemed to have said nothing else for the last half hour. He understood, too, what she was thinking, and went on.

"Perhaps I have said too much; but in a few minutes I shall be gone, and it is just a little comfort to put up an epitaph over my buried happiness."

"The dead rise," she said, "and more especially the living. It won't be long before we hear you are alive again—in France, you know, where there is so much vitality."

"All right," said Résal, "that's enough about me. What is there to prove that I haven't been telling you one lie after another all this evening? Fortune-hunters must, you know. Isn't it a pity some fellow like Edison cannot invent a little pocket love-tester, like the milk thing, you know? Now, it's so easy for a fellow like me to tell a pack of lies. But, after all, it might be just a little dull if it were mechanically tested, for at any rate, now, nothing and no one can rob a poor devil of the one great joy of saying, 'I love you.' But it is over now. There's your father and the good minister. Dear old minister, I am more grateful to him than I can say."

"I think you ought to thank me," said Dorothy. "I asked him, you know. I thought you might like a little explanation with the 'monster'!"

"Ah," he cried, "how beautiful, how dear you are! How can you think I shall forget? Think what you please of me, but of one thing be sure, I wouldn't marry an American girl now for the whole world."

"I haven't the whole world," she said smiling; "I can only offer you——"

"What?" he asked, with a strange thrill of expectation.

"Myself! Will you let me be your wife?"

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It was not till two months later that he made his voyage to Europe on the Touraine, and then not alone. It was on the evening of his wedding-day that the Vicomte de Résal embarked with his bride. They were in their cabin, large, well-fitted, as a honeymoon cabin should be, and Madame de Résal said to her husband:

"By the way, I have a louis of yours in my pocket. You gave it to a poor cook to bribe her not to get you into difficulties with a 'monster' you were terribly afraid of. But she didn't manage it well, and so you must have back your money. Take it, please."

"Dearest," he said, "I shall always keep it."

"Perhaps you had better, for if you try to spend it you might get into trouble. It is hollow. See!"

She touched a spring, and the coin flew open to reveal within a lovely miniature of herself.

"Come," said Max, "come, beloved 'monster,' and let me try to thank you!"

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Higher Ideals in a Republic

WHAT America wants is a set of permanent officials who shall be able to act as the eyes, ears and hands of the Administration, says the Spectator. The politicians and statesmen will not any the less be the brains of the Government; but, instead of having to do work they are unfit for, they will be able to give the necessary orders to the men who are fit. A highly paid, highly organized Civil Service, endowed in its highest ranks with the prestige and honor of the Federal Judges, would be of immense service to the States. But though we do not doubt the reality of the need, we do not suppose that America will ever get the Civil Service we desire to see her obtain. The people are too busy, and too much inclined to optimism, to take the trouble to adopt the remedy. Nothing but a big disaster will make America put her official household in order, and a big disaster in America is very far off. Besides, experts are never popular in a new country where every man believes that he has only to try, to be as good a schoolmaster, or carpenter, or mason, or sailor as any there are in the land.

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War as a Vent for the Masses

BEFORE the French Revolution, wars were undertaken for "honor," or the glory of the monarchy, or the extension of the National territory. The doctrine that war is profitable, from a business point of view, is an idea which has come in with the growth of manufactures and the growing power of money, says the New York Evening Post. The state of feeling which leads to war, or the popular interest in some war-bringing question, generally causes depression of trade and manufactures, throws many out of employment, and loads up factories with unsalable goods. That war will probably create a demand for these goods seems plain enough. The infusion into the mind of a growing democracy of the doctrine that there is money in war, would be, if successful, the most awful calamity that could befall the modern world. We shall some day be three hundred million strong, and we shall then wield an enormous force. The indications are, too, that we shall be in possession of a large Navy and large Army. Let us figure to ourselves the possibility of this force being at the disposal of a multitude easily excited by sensational journals, finding work slack, as it is apt to be when the number who want employment is great, and imbued with the idea that war would be pecuniarily profitable. We should have here a great nation turned buccaneer and using enormous armaments to fill its pockets.

It must not be forgotten that we are to-day making precedents. No one denies that the National character has undergone serious modifications. The old prospect of peaceful development, and the self-reliance, which were the chief characteristics of American society before the war, have well nigh disappeared. A large portion of the population is filled with a desire to use force to gratify our own desires and ambitions, to become a great military and naval Power, and use this power to have our own way, in disregard of law and precedent. The sensational press preaches these things incessantly, and the sensational press now has an influence on the Government of the nation which no one dreamed of fifty years ago. It therefore behooves every patriot who uses his voice or pen for purposes of persuasion to take heed what course he recommends.

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Colonies a Source of Weakness

THE sore straits in which Spain finds herself are the effect of a cause remote in her history, says the San Francisco Call. Her weakness to-day is in what she found in her flood-tide of power to be her strength. She took domain by conquest and colonization, in pursuance of manifest destiny, in order to plant her power and its outposts all over the world. She has coaling stations, naval stations, colonial capitals, and instead of being able to lean upon them now for support, they are crumbling under her. She must guard her Mediterranean islands and those in the Atlantic and Pacific, divide her military and naval strength, and so weaken herself thereby as to expose her home coasts to attack and her peninsular domain to invasion. The United States is happily without any such necessity. Our Navy can attack the ships of Spain which police her islands, and destroy them fleet after fleet. One cannot come to the help of another without leaving a vital point exposed.

It is proved that we cannot only defend our own extensive coast-line, but can project offensive war against a neighboring enemy, using our own ports as a base of supplies and military operation. Cuba is to Spain what Hawaii would be to us. She has fortified that island and treated it as a strong military base, but even if its people were not in rebellion against her, its possession would divide her forces and weaken her position. Spain was once a first-class Power, exceeding England or any of the maritime countries. Her sceptre was over distant domains, but the necessity of defending her far-planted standard has sapped her colonial revenues and brought her finances to bankruptcy.

Her history is a strong argument against manifest destiny, against dividing the planet between a few Powers. Schemes of universal empire spring out of this fever for annexation and absorption of small autonomies, but such schemes have in them the germs of dissolution. The United States are just now illustrating to the world the value of a people made one by similarity of conditions, fitted by environment to live under one system of equal and just laws.

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Young Officers in Our Navy

IN THE "merchant cruisers" and the mosquito flotilla rare chances for distinction are offered to the young sea officers of the United States, says the Boston Journal. Many an ambitious youth, fresh from Annapolis, is now a watch or division officer on some smart ocean tow-boat or palatial yacht which its original owners would never recognize in its new guise of dull lead war paint and bristling cannon. Under ordinary conditions these cadets would have had to toil along in subordinate capacities for years, but the duties of older men have suddenly been thrust upon them, while as to the Ensigns and Junior Lieutenants, they have risen, in some cases, to actual command of tugs and yachts, and are called into service on larger vessels often as First Officers.

This will be altogether beneficial to the officers themselves and to the service. There is some truth in the recent criticism of an English observer, that the officers of the United States Navy are too old. These young officers in the mosquito flotilla are perfectly capable for the places which they will fill. They have received, in the six-year course of Annapolis, the longest, the most elaborate and the most exhaustive education which is given to naval officers anywhere in the world, and they will be all the better and more efficient men for early assumption of responsibilities.

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The Armor Plate Deadlock

THE recent announcement of the award to an American firm of a large contract for armor plate, at the rate of $500 per ton, for Russian use, came as a surprise, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. It is not long since Congress limited the Secretary of the Navy to $400 per ton as the outlay on armor plate, and among the causes assigned was the sale of American-made armor plate to Russia at less than $250 per ton. Since then the price of iron and steel has not advanced greatly, and yet we hear that the American firm to which the new Russian contract was awarded at $500 was the lowest bidder among eight, mostly British, and all, save one, European.

The inference is plain: $500 per ton is less than good armor plate can be made for in Great Britain, where wages are far lower than in America, or even in Continental Europe, where wages are still lower than in Great Britain. We can make armor plate more cheaply than Europe, because our machinery for manufacture is superior and because our artisans are more skilled in the use of machinery. It is useless to inquire as to the cause of the earlier sale to Russia at less than $250; it may have been a sale at a loss, made for the purpose of introducing goods to a new market. But, whatever the cause, the fact remains that until the recent Congressional enactment be repealed, or until Government works be established in the United States, the Secretary of the Navy cannot secure a ton of armor plate, for Congress has limited his purchasing power to a rate that is twenty per cent. below the market price. This may lead to serious complications in orders for new ships.

Three contracts, worth in the aggregate nearly $5,000,000, have been made between American firms and Russia for the supply of armor plate. It is worth while to remember that when the first contract was made at $249 per ton it was said that the quality of American-made plate was inferior. Unjustly discredited at home, the United States manufacturers sought and found a market, though a losing one, in Russia. The quality of the American product was satisfactory to Russia, and a second contract at $530 per ton was made, and recently a third one at $500. In the last contest the average bid of the English competitors was $571.67.

Recent contracts have fixed $500 as the lowest price for American armor plate, and in the judgment of so shrewd a buyer as Russia it is as good an article as that for which the British makers ask much more. Moreover, it has become imperative that Congress either shall recede from its unreasonable position or shall make appropriation for a Government armor plant, for, under any circumstances, it will be needful to build some armor-plated ships, and it may become necessary to build a considerable number.

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News as Contraband of War

SHOULD news be made contraband of war? The great nations have been at peace among themselves for so long, and the world has progressed so far in the meantime, that questions which nobody thought of asking in the last great war are of prime importance in the present one, says the Public Ledger. This matter of cable news is one of them, and it is of sufficient moment to have attracted the attention of the British Parliament at this early stage. That body has been asked to say whether Señor Polo shall be permitted to use the neutral soil of Canada as a vantage ground on which to gather news of the movements of United States forces and forward it to Spain. In the last maritime war which occurred, no such question came up because there were no ocean cables, and the means of transmitting news were so slow that it was practically valueless for strategic purposes by the time it reached its destination.

It is different now. When the fleet moved away from Key West, to invest Havana, the fact was published all over the United States and Canada before the ships disappeared on the horizon, and, doubtless, it was known in Madrid a very few minutes later. Under such circumstances, there can be no secrecy about naval or military movements within the purview of the wires, and Señor Polo, stationed at Toronto, is virtually a spy hovering on the flanks of both Army and Navy, and frequently penetrating to the headquarters of both. Can this be permitted, or does international courtesy now demand international censorship of cable despatches?

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Learning Our Own Strength

ONE wholesome incidental result of the present conflict with Spain is that the American people now know more about their Navy and their coast defenses than they have known for a long time, says the Boston Journal. Every bit of information which the press offers on these matters is read and absorbed with quick intelligence. In the piping times of peace, which followed the Rebellion, a generation has grown up that has very little familiarity with naval and military matters save as an individual, here or there, has served in the Naval Militia or National Guard. Thus it has come about that a nation which, as a whole, is supposed to be the best-informed in the world, has had less acquaintance with the great principles of military science and the problems of National defense than the ordinary European peasantry.

But this great remissness, against which Washington solemnly warned his countrymen, could not last, in the very nature of things. A significant revival of interest in the Navy and the Army was apparent for some time before the Cuban thundercloud arose, and, of course, this has given a new and powerful impetus to the reawakening. A fairly adequate knowledge of our naval and military strength, and of the urgent need of reinforcing our fleet and coast defenses, has now come to be diffused among the people. Along with it has come a clearer understanding of certain large considerations of National policy. This popular enlightenment will have a most important effect in strengthening the hands of the public men that stand for distinctively American ideas in the outward development of the American nation. A great deal of cheap demagoguery has been brought into play against such policies as the increase of the artillery arm of the United States service, but the eyes of the nation have at last been opened to the pertinency of the wise advice that in time of peace we should prepare for war.

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American Women in War

WITH the steady approach of the hour which has plunged the nation into the angry currents of war, there has been an increasing demonstration of patriotic sentiment among the women of America which is both beautiful and inspiring, says the New York Mail and Express. Wherever men gather to discuss the present crisis there the voice of womanhood is heard speaking in tones of sympathy, encouragement and devotion to the righteous cause of humanity. There is no faltering, no terror, no despair in the words of these gentle patriots. They are ready to make the sacrifice which war invariably demands, and knowing, deep in their trustful hearts, that the great Republic meditates no act of cruelty or greed against even its basest enemy, they face the dreadful peril with dauntless souls and bravely dedicate their dear ones to the sacred service of the land they love.

In other directions the loyal spirit among women is still more assertive and impressive. Thousands of maidens and matrons have eagerly volunteered as nurses for the camps and hospitals. Thousands of others are forming relief societies to care for the sick and wounded who will be sent back from the front after the clash of battle. Others still are organizing to provide supplies of food, clothing, and the thousand-and-one little things of necessity or luxury which comfort and cheer the soldier and sailor at the end of a hard day's fighting. Many of these women—very many—are survivors of the trying days of the last great conflict. They know what war brings to womanly hearts, and their activity sets an example of the loftiest heroism for their young sisters. Aside from the undying patriotism of American women, there is a further reason for the intense and almost fiery zeal with which they so quickly responded. They have been horrified beyond expression by the unspeakable crimes of the Spanish in Cuba. The stories of these fiendish deeds have shocked and outraged the moral sense of all Christendom. The women of America, secure in the possession of the love, honor and protection which make home sacred and motherhood beautiful, know that the present war with Spain is fought to remove and forever prevent the return of the conditions which, under the barbarous rule of Spain, have made Cuba a sepulchre of innocents.

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Hopeless Struggle of Spain

SPAIN must withdraw from Cuba. Long, dire and sanguinary experience has proved that she cannot govern it to the advantage of the Cubans or to her own, said Professor Goldwin Smith. And her own Government, nominally constitutional, is in reality unconstitutional and most profoundly corrupt. Cuba has been given up to the rapacity of one military adventurer after another. Now the cup of bitterness is full, and the United States, if they are to act as the tutelary Power of this continent, are well justified in intervention, alike in the interest of humanity and in that of trade. The withdrawal of Spain from Cuba will be another step in the inevitable emancipation of this Western Hemisphere and its destinies from European domain, dominion or control. But the process, humiliating at best, ought to be made as easy as possible to Spanish pride.

The result of the war can hardly be doubtful. Spain, if she bears herself well, will have saved her honor and caused a measure of sympathy which her general character little deserves. But a nation of 17,000,000 must succumb to one of 73,000,000 with far superior resources. The Spanish services, military and naval, as well as civil, are thoroughly unsound, and if those of the United States are not altogether sound, administrative energy, with lavish expenditure, will soon put them on a better footing. If the fighting were to be on Spanish soil or anywhere on land, the Americans might meet their match, but it will be mainly at sea, and not with ships of the old style, in which the Biscayan seamen would fight well, but in the new machines which Spaniards have hardly mechanical skill enough to handle, while their antagonists are, in mechanical skill, the foremost nation of the world. If the battlefield is Cuba, the Spanish base of operations will be far distant, while that of the Americans will be close at hand. The Americans cannot help taking Cuba and Porto Rico. They have already taken the Philippines, not with a view of annexing them, but of holding them as a pledge for the payment of a war indemnity. At this point the Powers friendly to Spain will probably step in, tell her that she has done enough for her honor, that Cuba cannot possibly be reconquered, and that they will use their best endeavors to procure for her fair terms of peace from the victors.

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Canadian Cupidity and Seals

THE approach of the period for revising the sealing regulations under the Paris award is employed by the British Government for suggesting the appointment of a joint commission to consider all unsettled disputes between the United States and Canada. This suggestion is plainly inspired by the Dominion, says the Commercial Advertiser. The matter of pelagic sealing has no relation whatever to the other disputes mentioned. Properly, it is not a question between the United States and Canada, but one between the United States and Great Britain.

Existence of the English sealskin industry, as well as that of American seal herds in the North Pacific, is jeoparded by continuation of Canadian sealing piracy, and Great Britain has declined to cooperate in stopping this wrong out of desire to conciliate Canada, which wishes to use the sealing question as a club for securing certain trade privileges from the United States. Canada declares that she will continue destruction of our seal herds unless we shall buy her off, and if Great Britain will not assist her in this scheme Canadian loyalty to the British Empire will soon cool. How British interests may suffer Canada little recks.

Whether Great Britain will again sustain Canada in this attitude remains to be seen. The present drawing together of the United States and Great Britain would indicate that she may not. When the suitable time arrives for opening this subject it should be treated wholly without reference to disputes between Canada and the United States.

The Meaning of Dreams

NEW DISCOVERIES IN A MYSTERIOUS REALM

By René Bache

SCIENTIFIC explorers, lately, have been invading a strange country. It is the realm of dreamland, respecting which so little has been known hitherto. They have found out a lot of things about it, and their discoveries throw much light upon the more notable features of the mysterious territory which everybody has entered, but with which nobody, as yet, possesses a very definite acquaintance. It is a region peopled with goblins and chimeras, but affording, at the same time, many rare and wonderful phenomena. Indeed, there is no end to its marvels, and the more one learns concerning it the more interesting it becomes.

The investigators, above referred to, have studied the dreams, not only of normal people, but also of the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the morally delinquent. They have ascertained, for example, that criminals rarely dream. If dreamless sleep is the kind most to be desired, then homicides and burglars are very fortunate in this respect. Life prisoners in penitentiaries are almost invariably peaceful sleepers, in this point resembling idiots, who dream rarely and but little. The confirmed criminal is an imbecile so far as feelings are concerned.

The dreams of blind people have a special interest, because of the question whether they have visual perceptions in their sleep like those of seeing persons. Elaborate experiments have proved that they dream more rarely, and that they have no dream-visions if they have become blind before six years of age. If the affliction has arrived after the age of seven, dreams of seeing are apt to be frequent. But, in such a case, the visual impressions become fainter and fainter as time goes on, until, after fifteen or twenty years, they are likely to disappear entirely.

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Recently, Professor Jastrow examined fifty-eight cases of total blindness in institutions of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Thirty-two of these became blind before the sixth year of their lives, and not one of them saw in dreams. Six lost their sight between the fifth and the seventh year, and of these four had dreams of seeing, though somewhat vague. Of twenty persons who became blind after their seventh year, all had dream-vision. It all depends, evidently, upon the education of the sight centre in the brain, which, up to the sixth year, has not proceeded far enough to continue its functions without stimulation through the retina of the eye.

It is said that persons of high mental development have dreams oftener than those who are inferior intellectually, and their visions are more vivid. The more uncultured a man's mind, the more illogical are all his dreams. Stupid people commonly dream only of what they have experienced in their waking life; the imagination has little play. In a word, dreams increase with the variety and activity of the intellectual life.

As a rule, dreams diminish in number as old age comes on, and visual images are rarer in later life. It is the young who dream most, and the frequency of dreams seems to be greatest between the twentieth and twenty-fifth years. Women are greater dreamers than men of the same age, and unmarried women dream even oftener than married women.

Among the most extraordinary of the phenomena of sleep are the terrifying dreams called nightmares. Everybody has had nightmares, and can testify to the distress caused by them. It is not surprising that a few centuries ago they should have been attributed to demons, which were said to visit the sleepers at night, squatting upon their chests and otherwise interfering with their comfort. The eating of indigestible food late in the evening is among the best-recognized causes of nightmare; it interferes with the action of the diaphragm, and so, indirectly, with the circulation of blood in the brain. If the collar of the nightdress is too tight, or if the pillow is misplaced so as to adjust the head uncomfortably, the circulation may likewise be interfered with and nightmare produced. Sensations of discomfort in any part of the body may give rise to nightmare, or it may be brought on by fatigue, anxiety, a school examination, or by any emotional excitement which has been intense.

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Miss Calkins, of Wellesley College, not long ago undertook some experiments with relation to dreams. She, assisted by a fellow-instructor, took notes of two hundred and five dreams, which occurred on fifty-five consecutive nights. Paper, pencil, candle and matches were placed close at hand, for convenience in recording the dreams, and an alarm clock was so set as to go off at various hours of the night. The results obtained showed that most of the dreaming was during light morning sleep, and the dreams after 4 A. M. were, invariably, the longest, strangest and most vivid.

To many persons, dreaming is a great source of pleasure, and some even look forward to the hours of sleep with delight, because they are productive of beautiful visions and entertaining experiences. The case has been noted of a little boy of six who liked to go to bed early for the reason that dreamland afforded to him a most pleasurable excitement, with endless processions of animals more strange and monstrous by far than ever were seen in the circus.

Dreams are very apt to be caused by sounds which reach the ear of the sleeper. The ticking of a watch, the banging of a door, the fall of some article in the room above, are among the commonest noises that produce dreams in which appalling catastrophes seem to occur. The dreams of some persons can actually be guided by whispering in their ears or by a soft touch.

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Dreams are sometimes caused by smells, as in the case of a well-known physician who spent a night in the very odorous house of a dealer in cheese. He dreamed that, for some political offense, he had been incarcerated in an enormous cheese. Dr. W. A. Hammond tells of a taste dream which occurred, to a young woman who tried to cure herself of a habit of thumb-sucking, acquired in babyhood, by covering her thumb with extract of aloes. She dreamed that she was crossing the ocean in a steamer made of wormwood, and it was impossible to breathe without tasting the bitterness; everything that she ate or drank was impregnated with the flavor. When she arrived at Havre she asked for a glass of water to wash the taste from her mouth, but they brought her an infusion of wormwood. Afterward, some physician told her that the only way to get rid of the wormwood taste was to take a preparation of ox-gall, which only proved fully as bitter and disagreeable. To get rid of the ox-gall, she took counsel of the Pope, and he advised her to make a pilgrimage to the plain where stood the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed, and to eat a piece of the salt. This she did, but presently awoke to find that she had sucked all the aloes from off her thumb.

There seems to be no doubt that useful thinking is sometimes done in sleep. Dr. Franklin told Cabanis that he had been helped by dreams in many of the affairs of life, and many men of science, poets, philosophers, musicians and others have declared that they received important ideas and suggestions in dreams. Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, is said to have conceived that language in a dream; he got out of bed, found light, paper and pen, and recorded it on a single sheet of note-paper.

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An abnormal heightening of memory occurs sometimes during sleep, and has led to a belief in prophetic dreams, in which facts are revealed which seem, to the consciousness of the waking man, to lie outside of his knowledge. Abercrombie for several days tried to recall a verse of the Bible which he had learned as a child; his efforts were unsuccessful, but one night, in a dream, he saw before him the verse and the chapter of Jeremiah in which it occurred. The case is recorded of a young man who, having inherited a piece of land, was unable to find the title deeds, and so ran a risk of losing an action that was brought against him. He had a dream in which he saw his father, who told him that the deeds were in the hands of a certain retired notary. On awaking, he went to the notary, obtained the deeds, and won the suit. There was nothing supernatural about this; it was a dream-memory of a statement made by his father in life.

The writer is indebted for his material to a newly published work on Sleep, by Dr. Marie de Manaceine, a distinguished Russian authority. The book, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is largely a compilation from a great variety of reliable sources. One subject, treated incidentally, relates to the visions of persons suffering from alcoholism, which to a certain extent resemble dream-visions. These visual phenomena are now believed to have something to do with an abnormal condition of the retina of the eye, the blood vessels of which are found by examination with the ophthalmoscope to be swollen with blood, where under ordinary conditions they are very small and semi-transparent. Insane persons, by the way, seldom dream, and such dreams as they have are auditory much more often than visual.

People often dream of things complacently which fill them with aversion when they are awake. The best men sometimes do in their dreams the most dishonest and cruel deeds. Doctor de Manaceine says that this is attributable to a harking-back of the mind, so to speak, to a period perhaps thousands of years earlier. The brain of every human being contains psychical inheritance handed down through hundreds of generations, and in our dreams we actually live over again what our ancestors felt and thought. The personality of the dreamer is temporarily in abeyance, and he reverts to the primitive habits of thought and feeling which belonged to his remote ancestors. In other words, dreams have an atavistic tendency. If this theory is correct, it points to the conclusion that our ancestors were much more wicked than we are nowadays.

The eye, says Doctor de Manaceine, is in a sense the organ of the ideal, and thus it is not surprising to find that ghosts, fairies, monsters, and all the host of strange romance that commonly people dreams, are not nearly so well represented in the dreams of the blind as in those of seeing people.

Professor Jastrow has made a special study of the dreams of persons who are both blind and deaf. In the case of Laura Bridgman, sight and hearing were as absent from dreams as they are from the dark and silent world which alone she knew. The touch sensations, through which she was accustomed to communicate with her fellow-beings, made up her dreams. Frequently she woke in fright, imagining herself to feel the contact of a strange and dangerous animal. Just as ordinary folks dream of speaking, and actually do talk in their sleep sometimes, Laura Bridgman talked in her sleep with her fingers, though too rapidly and too imperfectly to be intelligible. So, too, all the people who entered into her dreams talked with their fingers.

In the life of sleep, writes Doctor de Manaceine, we are brought into a more vague and larger world than we are conscious of when awake; it is the world of our forgotten past—of happiness or sorrow—and the world, it may be, also, of the forgotten past of the race from which we came.—Boston Transcript.

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The Possibilities of Daily Life

THE PARADISE AT OUR HANDS

HUMAN beings are strongly imbued with the idea that happiness or unhappiness lie either in our temperament or in matters which are entirely beyond our control, such as the gifts of fortune and friends, of talents or opportunities, and all fulfilled desires, says the Public Ledger.

Nevertheless, this belief induces a condition very like that of the man who has been far-sighted all his life, and never suspected it. Accidentally, he puts on a pair of glasses, and lo! the world is made anew. Things that were blurred, that he fancied were dim and dull, suddenly stand out beautiful in their clearness and sharpness. The objects close at hand, which had seemed so worthless, are filled with charm and beauty.

To others nothing is changed; it is only to the one man that a revelation has been granted. He has learned to see, and in seeing has learned to value, the insignificant but, perhaps, lovely qualities which he has lived among, yet so sadly missed, all these long years.

So it is with happiness. Man, you know, never is, but always to be blessed. We look into the distance and cry: "Give me this, and I shall be happy." When we reach the land that seemed so fair, it is like the place we have just left!—while still in the distance is the peace, the beauty we clamor for as necessary to our happiness.

Could we but use a power to make the near things—small, but accessible—show us their real beauty, how much happiness would we find close at hand.

Take the discontented girl we all know so well. She is moody and unhappy in her home, and reaching out for the pleasures and amusements which she craves, but which circumstances forbid. Her discontent blinds her to what is lovely and helpful in her surroundings. In her eager search for the end of the rainbow she forgets that, even were the pot of gold there, she could only reach it by steadily and surely moving on; that to stand still and yearn for it never brings it one single step nearer.

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An unhappy woman, indeed, is the mother of an invalid child who only spends her time in repining, or in dreaming of the day when vigorous health shall animate the little body she loves so well. That day is distant. No hungry longing brings it closer, and in the meantime she is losing all the sweetness of the hour. For there is sweetness in the close communion, the perfect sympathy, and even joy, in the training of that plastic young soul to meet all suffering bravely, to bear burdens cheerfully, and to rise above the sickly body and its infirmities.

Another mother misses happiness because she lives in a future where all her ambitions for her children are to be realized. She is straining every nerve to educate them to be brilliant lights in their world, thinking that then she can relax all effort and be genuinely happy in the prosperity she has created.

So she worries and works, and works and worries, till the two words are almost synonymous. She is much too busy to win the confidence of her boys, too absorbed to answer to the call of her young daughter's first flutter of womanhood.

She is blind to their love and admiration, to the fact that they never can offer in fuller measure the chivalry and devotion which is hers to-day, and which is all she needs to make her really happy.

So the mistake is made over and over again, and in innumerable ways. Our eager hearts pull us forward, always forward, and we crush gentle and beautiful things without knowing or seeing them.

It may be well to remember, too, that perfect happiness is not for any of us.

Our lives are lived in moments. Those filled with pain are not longer than those filled with pleasure, and, perhaps, are not greater in number. Therefore, the only way to renounce our dreams, and yet endure, is to take each moment as it comes, forgetting the last pain, but not shrinking from the next, and above all and beyond all, with no failure to recognize the pleasure it brings.

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The Bright Side of Army Life

AS STUDIED BY AN ARMY OFFICER

AN ARMY officer tells the New York Sun that it would be a good thing if parents more generally knew that their sons might go farther and fare much worse than in the United States Army. Could they know, fully, the benefits of the service to young men, they would approve of their sons enlisting rather than object to it. The general opinion that people have of life in the Army is erroneous in the extreme. The Army is not a rough place, nor is the service, except on the far frontier and in the winter, a rough service. Young men, even those who have acquired vicious habits in civil life, come out of the Army after five years of service better men, unless they are utterly incorrigible and bent on a life of evil. The service and the discipline develop all the good qualities which the man possesses.

He knows that disobedience of orders, or violation of any of the unwritten laws which should govern society, meets with prompt and merited punishment, and that makes him suppress and govern what may be vicious in him. This discipline gives him a manly courage, a greater respect for law and order; and he learns to obey implicitly.

There is another thing to be considered about service in the Army, and that is the habits of economy and prudence that are generally acquired. True, the pay is not large—$13 a month—but in addition to this the men have a home, food, abundant clothing, medical attendance, and, in fact, everything necessary to a comfortable existence. They do not have the luxuries, to be sure, but such as they may require, or desire, for that matter, are obtainable from the Commissary or Quartermaster at just what those things cost the Government.

The men are paid once in two months, and, if they are provident and not extravagant, the greater part of their wages may be saved, and if the soldier so desires, the money saved can be deposited with the Government. When the amount of these deposits reaches $50, interest at the rate of four per cent. begins to accumulate. This money, once deposited, cannot be touched until the soldier gets his discharge.

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During the third year of service the Government allows the soldier $1 a month extra; during the fourth year $2, and during the fifth year $3. This accumulation—$72—is paid the soldier when he receives his discharge. He may also save during his five-year term as much as $200 on the single item of clothing if he is careful of his uniforms. All of these methods of saving allow him to accumulate a snug little capital to start in life with when he leaves the Army, if he cares to leave. Moreover, wherever he may be at the time of his discharge, he receives his transportation to the place of his enlistment at the rate of a day's pay for every twenty miles of distance, and an additional allowance of thirty cents a day for rations. Very many soldiers who have served their time on the frontier have settled down there and become prosperous and influential citizens, and the frontier has many prosperous farmers to day who became such from the savings of a term of Army service, that enabled them to take up claims and make happy homes.

There are a great many good phases to Army life if people only knew it. In all the Western posts there are regularly established libraries and reading-rooms, containing the daily papers and the best current literature. Then there are schools under the supervision of regularly appointed Government teachers, where the best kind of common and practical education is given without expense.

Besides that, he has plenty of leisure time to educate himself. The drill and guard duty is not severe, and, taken all in all, the work required is much less confining and onerous than that in many of the pursuits the soldier would follow in civil life. And the service is healthful, and there is very little—I might say no—opportunity to cultivate or contract the vices so rapidly acquired in our cities and towns.

The opportunities to a soldier, also, for making money are many. Shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, bakers, and other skilled workmen, pick up considerable sums of money, in the course of a year, by doing odd jobs for the officers and soldiers of the post where they are stationed.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

William E. Gladstone, Great Even in Suffering The fundamental respect for Mr. Gladstone's character and genius, which has often been overclouded, but never really disturbed, by political differences and partisan feeling, says the Outlook, shines like a beautiful sunset over his closing days. All England is in sympathy with the great statesman, who is facing death as calmly and courageously as he has faced all the other experiences of his life. The end is now only a matter of days. Mr. Gladstone is suffering very great pain, which cannot be alleviated without an operation which might jeopardize his life, and which, at the best, could only briefly prolong it. He therefore prefers to let the disease take its course.

In a recent speech at Leicester, Mr. Morley said: "Ah! what stirring of unalterable affection do we all feel to-night as we think of him, overtaken in the evening of that long day of so many interests, so many glories, so many triumphs, so many grand public services—overtaken by suffering and pain." In accordance with the instincts of his nature and the habit of his life, Mr. Gladstone is looking at the spiritual side of what he is passing through. He recently interpreted the supreme experience in the words, "One more lesson; one more test." He is surrounded by a devoted family and by intimate personal friends, who are doing everything for him that love and admiration can suggest or devise. He retains the perfect command of his faculties, and, as has been said, perfect courage and calmness. To a friend who wrote, expressing grief at his sufferings, he replied: "No doubt I have suffered a good deal during the last six months, but then, I had one thousand and fifty-six months almost without pain." Surely a great life has never gone out under circumstances so befitting its elevated dignity.

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Robert Purvis, a Noted Abolitionist Robert Purvis, who recently died in Philadelphia, was a lifelong and eloquent champion of the rights of the black race, to which he in a slight degree belonged, says the Public Ledger. He was intimately acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison. This made him more or less prominent among the anti-slavery people. The combination of eloquence and a striking appearance made him a figure of prominence in the meeting that organized the Anti-Slavery Society, and John G. Whittier, writing of this famous gathering, forty years later, said: "A young man rose to speak whose appearance at once arrested my attention. I think I have never seen a finer face and figure, and his manner, words and bearing were in keeping. 'Who is he?' I asked of one of the Pennsylvania delegates. 'Robert Purvis, of this city, a colored man,' was the answer."

Mr. Purvis and Whittier had the distinction of being mobbed when together in Pennsylvania Hall some years later.

When that other famous organization, the Underground Railroad, which helped so many slaves to freedom, was formed in 1838, he became its official head.

Mr. Purvis was more than once in peril of his life. He was mobbed at the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, and helped to save the life of Garrison at that time by hurrying him to his country home. Robert Purvis was First Vice-President of the Woman's Suffrage Society when Lucretia Mott was its able President. He was a Prohibitionist, and an active worker in the cause of temperance, as well as in the Irish Home Rule movement, and in efforts to improve the condition of the laboring-man—taken as a class.

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Mme. Dreyfus, Who Would Share Her Husband's Exile While former Capt. Dreyfus, the disgraced French Army officer, is passing his days in maddening solitude on Devil's Island, his wife is making every effort to join him, that she may share his fate, says the Evening Lamp. The political prisoners of France who are sent into exile are usually accorded the privilege of having their wives with them if they so desire, and many a brave Frenchwoman has given up home and friends, and has sacrificed everything to be near her husband in his time of tribulation.

In the case of Albert Dreyfus, however, even this comfort has been denied. Mme. Dreyfus has all along been eager to join her husband, and has brought strong influence to bear upon the Government with this end in view. The cables now announce that she has presented a petition to M. Lebon, Minister of the Colonies, in a final effort to gain her point, and that the request has been refused. The French Government, it is claimed, has refused to allow Mme. Dreyfus to go to her husband, claiming that such a course would tend to lessen the severity of Dreyfus' punishment. Such an action, particularly at this time, when the excitement attending the Zola trial has not yet abated, would, it is claimed, have a tendency to cause another anti-Semitic outbreak.

Mme. Dreyfus knew full well what was before her in petitioning the Government to grant her request. She is not only willing, but eager, to share her husband's lot, and is fully prepared to submit to the same rigorous discipline as that imposed upon him.

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Little Luiz Filippe, Portugal's Heir Apparent There is, now and then, a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in real life, and Portugal boasts one of the most charming, says the Philadelphia Times. The parents of this winsome youngster have been prodigal in the matter of names, for he is burdened with no fewer than fifteen, fairly putting to shame the old-time Puritan sea-captain who was christened with a Scripture text. He is known to the world, however, as Luiz Filippe, Duke of Braganza—a big title for a ten-year-old to carry. But then, he is heir apparent to the Portugese throne, and the scions of Royalty have to be put in training early to learn to bear the weight of their dignities with due composure.

He was born in Lisbon, and has never left his native country. Though Queen Amelia, his mother, frequently visits England and France, the youthful Prince is considered far too precious to be risked on foreign soil. Don't imagine, however, that the Queen neglects her little son; on the contrary, she idolizes him—for which she may be pardoned—and devotes a large portion of her time to his education. During her absence he and his brother are carefully looked after by an aged French lady, who has long acted as governess for the Princesses of the House of Orleans. The father also devotes much of his leisure to the training of his son and heir. The King is extremely fond of the saddle, and has already made the boy a clever horseman.

That a child of so tender an age should be made the subject of matrimonial negotiations certainly seems strange to Americans, but the question of his marriage is already eagerly discussed by the Portugese diplomats, and much regret is expressed that he is too young to be considered as prospective husband of the Spanish Infanta, the Princess of the Asturias. The boy himself, however, is probably more interested in a gymnasium which has been fitted up in the palace for his special benefit.

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Don Carlos, Claimant of the Spanish Throne The present turn in the affairs of Spain would seem to be the one glorious opportunity for Don Carlos, Pretender to the throne, legitimate descendant of the Bourbon line, and Duke of Madrid, says the Buffalo Times. Don Carlos, who was born March 29, 1848, is fifty years of age, and is just now receiving the cordial respects of Spaniards on the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, which occurred at a small inn at Layback in the Austrian States, and while his mother, who was an Arch-Duchess of Austria, was en route to the Court of Vienna. He had become the heir of the Carlist fortunes by his father waiving his own claims in favor of the son, after the death of Don Carlos I, or, as he was called, Charles VI.

When the daughter of Christina Isabella II was proclaimed Queen, the Carlists disputed the succession. They hailed the coronation of Alphonso as even a huger joke than the birth of Isabella. The third Carlist War which was thus generated was carried on without pretense or strategy, yet the party of Don Carlos made a stiff fight for the throne, aided by Zorilla, Aguero, and the revolutionists of the Southern provinces. Could Don Carlos, in 1875, have divested himself of his pledges to the clergy, could he have accepted the divorcement of Church and State and compromised with the Liberals, the disgust of the people with Isabella and her descendants was so great that he could have ascended the throne of his father, and could have won the rights for which three generations of his family had struggled in vain. But it is the hereditary trait of a Bourbon to learn nothing, and consequently to forget nothing.

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Emperor Menelek, the Czar's Friend The published details of the reception accorded by the Emperor Menelek, of Abyssinia, to the Russian Imperial Mission and M. Vlassow show that it was an impressive ceremony of much barbaric magnificence, says the New York Evening Post. The Russians were met outside the Abyssinian capital by the Emperor's brother-in-law, his first secretary and dragoman, and by M. Ilg, the Swiss engineer, with a brilliant escort of mounted Abyssinians, whose richly caparisoned steeds, gorgeous uniforms, glittering arms and waving standards presented an imposing and picturesque spectacle, and contrasted with the dark red and blue uniforms of the Cossacks. After the exchange of the usual salutations, both the Russians and the Abyssinians marched to the palace, being preceded by musicians with trumpets and flutes, while the Cossacks fired off their rifles at intervals. The entry into the palace was made in the most ceremonious manner.

Fifty drummers, drawn up opposite to a battery of seventy guns, beat their drums, and a number of musicians sang the Russian National hymn. The Emperor Menelek awaited the mission in a large octagonal hall, seated on a throne covered with satin and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a large canopy. His Majesty wore over his splendid attire a mass of foreign decorations. Near the throne stood several relatives of the Emperor, and other Abyssinian Princes, and also M. Lagarde, the head of the French Mission, with his Staff. At the moment when M. Vlassow handed to the Negus, who received it standing, an autograph letter from the Czar, salvos of artillery were fired by the guns in the courtyard outside. The members of the Russian Mission then sat down in a semicircle before the throne, with their escort standing behind them at the present. The audience lasted half an hour, and Menelek exerted himself to show honor to his visitors.

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Señor Polo y Bernabe's Valuable Expediency It seldom happens that a son, following in the footsteps of his father's profession, encounters an exact counterpart of an experience his sire had passed through in former years, yet this is the case with the late Spanish Minister and his father, Admiral Polo, says the Philadelphia Times. Señor Polo's father was Spain's Minister to Washington during the seventies, and it was in 1873 that the trouble occurred over the ship Virginius which nearly involved this country in war with Spain at that time. The matter was finally adjusted by Minister Polo's placing in the hands of our Secretary of State a solemn disclaimer on the part of the Spanish Government of any intention of indignity to the American flag, and an agreement to prosecute any of her subjects guilty of violating our treaty rights. The Virginius was surrendered to the United States Navy with the Stars and Stripes flying, and its survivors returned to the protection of the United States. An indemnity of $80,000 was paid to the families of the murdered Americans.

Minister Luis Polo y Bernabe was a young man at that time, but he was an attaché of the Legation at Washington, and there is no doubt that his experience will serve him in good turn now. He remained here from 1873 to 1881. He was then transferred to the Foreign Office at Madrid, and in 1882 was made Second Secretary at The Hague. In 1885 he returned to the Foreign Office at Madrid, and was soon afterward raised to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary and sent out to Rio, and later was transferred in the same capacity to Egypt. A year or so ago he was again recalled to the Foreign Office at Madrid, from which post he was sent to Washington as head of the Legation here, after Señor De Lome's recall.

Minister Polo is short and heavy-set, with a large head that rests well down on his shoulders. He wears his thick iron-gray hair pompadour, and has chin whiskers and mustache, which are also tinged with gray. His lips are inclined to thickness, and his features rather stolid, but he has keen dark eyes and an energetic manner of speaking and moving which belies any suggestion of sluggishness that his features might indicate. He was married, a decade ago, to Miss Mandez Vigo, a daughter of Spain's Ambassador at Berlin. They have no children. Madame Polo did not accompany her husband when he came to Washington, but she fully expected to join her husband in May.

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Madame Réjane's Great Presence of Mind There has been another panic in a Paris theatre. During the performance of M. Sardou's new play, Pamela, at the Vaudeville recently, a strong odor of something burning spread throughout the theatre, and the spectators perceived a light column of smoke rising from the right of the stage, says the Westminster Budget. Some one, in alarm, shouted "Fire!" At once a considerable number of spectators rose from their seats and rushed toward the doors. The orchestra stalls were emptied in an incredibly short time, but not without several persons being knocked down and trampled on by the panic-stricken people rushing on from behind. M. Roufland, the Police Commissary, who occupied a seat in the dress circle, came forward shouting to the people to keep their seats, assuring them there was no danger.

Most of the ladies and gentlemen who had not reached the door returned to their respective seats, and the performance was about to be resumed, when another incident occurred. Some *figurantes* in light dresses were on the stage with Madame Réjane. Suddenly these young women took fright and fled away, holding their skirts close together. All the people in the theatre sprang to their feet, and the panic would certainly have been terrible had it not been for the presence of mind of Madame Réjane. She came forward to the footlights, and in a loud voice told the public there was absolutely no danger.

She said, "It is nothing but a bit of electric wire burning its india-rubber coating. They are going to cut it off. Please sit down and keep calm." She then set the example by sitting down on the prompter's box. She added, laughing, "When you are all back in your seats we will go on and try to amuse you." Madame Réjane earned for these words applause which was as well merited as any she had ever won. The wire was cut, and the performance continued.

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Clara Butt, the Successor of Jenny Lind Since Jenny Lind and Parepa Rosa trilled their way to the heart of the world, no one seems to have worked a more perfect enchantment upon her hearers than Clara Butt, says Success. She was born near Brighton, England, and her first appearance was in the Golden Legend, in Royal Albert Hall. Her great success is undoubtedly due in a large measure to her magnetism, her responsiveness, and her deep and tender feeling, which are all expressed in her clear tones. Some one has spoken of her voice as a "full orchestra into which there never crept an imperfect note."

She tells how, on her first appearance in Berlin, she rendered song after song in Italian without the slightest response; but, when she gave them a German song, the applause shook the building, and when she had sung twelve times, the people crowded on the platform, clamoring for still another song. She signified that there was no music, but they cared nothing for that. "Give us Home, Sweet Home," said a voice, and when the English girl, without accompaniment, sang it with all her heart in it, the applause was deafening. When Miss Butt had sung at Windsor, some one said to her: "Should you ever visit my country, you must come and have a quiet time with me." She afterward learned that the speaker was the Empress Frederick. Later, she became a familiar visitor at the German Court.

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Miss Frances E. Willard's One Love Affair The recent visit to Kokomo, Indiana, of Bishop Charles W. Fowler, brought out an interesting story of an early love affair between Bishop Fowler and the late Miss Frances E. Willard, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Those having read Miss Willard's memoirs will remember an intimation that, at one time in her life, her heart had its hero, and that, at an early day, she had worn a ring and "acknowledged an allegiance based on a supposition." Again, she speaks of the romance of her life being unguessed, a "secret lying within the temperate zone of a great heart's geography." To those who thought her cold, she said, "Cold because no brave Stanley had ever explored her heart's tropical clime; cold because no Balboa had ever sailed on the bosom of its wide, pacific sea."

In their youth Bishop Fowler and Miss Willard were students in the same Methodist college. Between them was a strong affinity, a friendship that eventually ripened into a deep, abiding love. The ring she speaks of wearing as "an allegiance based on a supposition" was the gift of Bishop Fowler. Both had great strength of character and were born leaders of men and women. The similarity of their temperaments was frequently considered by the young people as a barrier to matrimony, and it was finally agreed that it would be best for both to choose separate paths in life. The engagement was accordingly broken.

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Officer Tilton's 2000-Mile Arctic Dash The desperate adventure of Third Officer Tilton, of the ice-locked whaler Belvidere, in traversing, during the winter season, the distance of over two thousand miles between Point Barrow and the mouth of the Yukon River, is an achievement in Arctic travel not likely to be duplicated in many a long day, says the Philadelphia Record. The fleet of American whalers was ice-bound on the north coast early in October, and Officer Tilton started up the Mackenzie Valley, with two Indian guides, soon after the permanency of the blockade of ice had been established. He traveled for five and one-half months over a trackless, snow-clad waste, but still toward the haunts of civilization. The fate of those he left behind on the imprisoned ships will be contingent largely upon the success of the two relief expeditions, under Government auspices—one starting from Norton Sound, above St. Michael's, the other following the route up the Yukon, over the divide, and down the Mackenzie.

Aside from the picturesque and dramatic elements of this daring journey through unknown regions of eternal ice, it affords an interesting demonstration, at this time, of the possibility of travel in Alaska even in the height of the inclement winter season. This possibility has already been so far recognized, indeed, that in the contract recently signed for a bi-monthly mail service over the passes and along the Yukon, no provision has been made for an intermission of delivery during the severest of the winter months.

Side-Lights on Current Topics

SUGGESTED BY EVENTS OF THE MOMENT

Our Treatment of the Indians

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ONE OF THEM

By Dr. Carlos Montezuma

I GO back to my childhood and behold, coming forth from his wigwam, the stoical warrior of mountain, plain and forest; child of Nature, true American, erect in form and strong in presence, his head carried high, mantled with long black hair and decorated with feathers of the bird that soars above the storm, tokens of strength, prosperity, happiness. The brow told of purpose, conscientiousness, independence, liberty, the penetrating eye measured the depth of human nature and spoke louder than words. The massive jaw and the clear cut, firm lips told of natural strength and character; the beads that ornamented his neck, placed there by the hand of a woman, were tokens of her pure devotion and love for him far away.

This man took in the pure breath of heaven and defied the germ of disease. A strong and steady arm drew bowstring and brought in the wild game for food and clothing. Strong and elastic limbs and fleet moccasined feet which distance never tired, outmatched the panting deer. Nature's fallen child now sings the last chant, abandons personal hope, and gazes with yearning, anxious heart into the faces of his beloved children.

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What about the Indian boy and girl—the little warrior and his sister? If brought up under the broad daylight of your civilization they might, in a higher way, outstrip their grandfather and escape the deadly fate of their father. Do you know that your whole effort has been, and now is, crowding them into depths of a state worse than barbarism? If you go on and hold down the latent power of the young Indian in the poisonous tank of your present Indian system, the new picture will present a form, that once glowed with health, scarred by disease; the once open face and piercing eye will be filled with suspicion and fear, clear cut feature is no longer there, the hands that pulled the bow are weakened by misuse and poisoned by alien corruption.

From generation to generation you have played upon our ignorance and superstition, you have blinded us. You have made us believe that you were helping us to your ways, but instead of that you are degrading us lower and lower by keeping us as outlawed Indians, and dumping upon us the evils, not the good, of your ways. We Indians are struggling in the dark to find a way out. I, who have passed from the Apache grass hut, say that you are short sighted in dealing with the Indian.

The reservation is a demoralized prison. Five or ten Government employees, at an agency or on a reservation, can never elevate its thousands of Indians, on the contrary you send teachers to elevate the Indians and, in a few years, these teachers are made into worse Indians than the Indians themselves. Would you isolate your children on a barren soil? Would you surround them with ignorance and superstition? Would you put them among idlers, beggars, gamblers, paupers and cowboys? Would you put around them the bowie knife, the revolver and the bayonet? Would you deliberately place them away from any civilization whatever? If you did all this, would you expect them to be cultured, refined, intelligent, humane and honest? Would you expect to make them industrious and self supporting citizens?

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No; you would place them in the midst of the most refined, cultured and educated communities among English speaking people, where they could come face to face with all phases of civilized life, so that they might utilize and improve all their faculties. You would do this, not for five years merely, but for all their lifetime. What about the Indian on his fifty two reservations? Shame upon a nation to have these fifty two dark spots on the map after God has given us four hundred years to wipe them out! Yes; the Indians are more degraded than they were when Columbus discovered America. Do you know why? It is because you have constantly thrown us back upon ourselves, hiding us in the darkness of our ignorance and superstition.

It is not enough to make visits like swallows to civilization; that will never do. Long-range education, away from civilization, is an utter failure. Five years of schooling is not education for the Indian any more than for the white boy. It is a mere whitewash education. The boy and girl go home and back to barbarism.

To accomplish the education of the Indian, compulsory education will be necessary. This education should not be on reservations nor near them but in your public schools.

If the choice of my life had been left to my father and mother, or myself, I would not be here. Ignorance, and the very depths of barbarism, would have been my fate. Good people wish the Indians were like themselves, but think it is cruel to change their relations and habits at once. There is a story that goes this way. There was a saint who had a dog, the dog had too long a tail. He concluded to cut the poor unfortunate's tail off little by little, so as not to hurt the dear dog too much. In much this way this country is treating the Indians.

Let us stop this destructive policy. Let us cut the Gordian knot by the quickest way possible. Delay is ruin to my race. Does any one say that this race is not endowed by Nature with some great qualities which the Caucasian would do well to preserve? Yes, more—to imitate. Do I hear any one say that the Indian has no fine qualities worth preserving? Do I hear this from any one? If I do my words are not for him. Why do you not wipe out these dark reservations?

Let them be peopled with settlers who will be helpful examples to the Indian, who will bring on the light of civilization, who will teach the Indian to earn his living in God's appointed way—by the sweat of his brow.

This is the only way to liberty, manhood and citizenship. Some of these Indians, when brought into competition with white men, will die, you say. True, but that is what they are doing now. But you say: They are wards of the nation, and we must deal honorably and justly with them. What you say is true, and you mean well, but to hear you speak of dealing honestly and justly with the Indian makes an Indian smile.

You ask what shall be done with the reservations which the nation holds in trust for the Indian? I answer, sell them to bona fide settlers. What shall be done with the money? Use it, and more if necessary, for the education of every Indian child or youth. Where and how would you educate them? Away with the reservation schools! Send all children to the most civilized communities, not in large masses, but scatter them in small classes over the United States, and place them until public schools. Let them be brought up in all become citizens of the various States to which they are sent.

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But this would be cruel, to take little children from their parents and natural protectors.

True, I know about that, because it happened to me. But you ask, What right have we to take away a child from its Indian parents? I answer: It is done every day by the courts in the cases of white children whose parents are incapable of taking care of them. You can never civilize the Indian until you place him while yet young (and the younger the better) in direct relations with good civilization. When you do this with judgment, you will succeed and make him a useful citizen of the Republic.

It is entirely practical to distribute all Indian children among our families. This has been done a great deal and with great success by the Carlisle Indian School. Four hundred thousand emigrants land upon your shores annually; in a few years they and their descendants are absorbed and lost sight of. This is because their children have the benefits of the public schools.

I wish that I could collect all the Indian children, load them in ships at San Francisco, circle them around Cape Horn, pass them through Castle Garden, put them under the same individual care that the children of foreign emigrants have in your public schools, and when they are matured and moderately educated let them do what other men and women do—take care of themselves. This would solve the Indian question, would rescue a splendid race from vice, disease, pauperism and death. The benefit would not be all for the Indian. There is something in his character which the interloping white man can always assimilate with profit to his own character.

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Compensations for the War

OUR POSSIBLE GAINS FROM SPAIN

OF COURSE, our direct gains from a successful issue of the war cannot offset our direct losses. In truth, the two objects are incommensurable, says the New York Times. When we say what it is "worth," in blood and money, to put a stop to the horrible condition of things in Cuba, and to expel the authors of it from this hemisphere? The doing of these things will be their own reward. We may, to be sure, collect an indemnity from Spain that will reimburse us for our expenses, though the condition of the Spanish Treasury does not warrant the expectation that it will be paid in money. If we succeed in driving Spain out of the Philippines, it seems that we shall be doing a service to humanity not less important than that we shall have done in Cuba. We have no more purpose of permanently holding the Philippines than we have of permanently holding Cuba. We may hold them as security, but it is likely that, in that case, we shall have to foreclose and to dispose of the security to the best advantage.

But, nevertheless, there are benefits pretty plainly in sight which may serve as National compensations. Some of those were indicated by Mr. Olney in his thoughtful address on our "International Isolation" which was published recently. It is impossible that a war which is waged on the sea, from the Philippines to the Antilles, should leave us as it found us. The very fighting of such a war will break in upon our international isolation. It will leave us with a Navy larger than we have ever had before, and destined to a still further enlargement, for there is none of the foolish jealousy about the Navy which has been shown in Congress about the Army. We shall be in possession of a considerable fleet on either ocean to protect our commerce, and then we will think we ought to have some commerce to protect.

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Mr. Olney showed how our policy of commercial isolation had followed our policy of political isolation, and it may be expected that our commercial expansion will follow our political expansion. Our carrying trade, which had been growing since the formation of the Union, was killed thirty-five years ago by the change in the means of ocean transport from wood and canvas to iron and coal, coinciding almost exactly with the Civil War, which led our shipowners to put their vessels under foreign flags. When the Civil War closed we should have renewed and increased our mercantile marine, within a few years, had not the navigation laws interfered to prevent us from buying ships abroad. While ships were built of wood our navigation laws had been as inoperative as is now the import duty on wheat. When iron became the material we could not compete with foreign builders.

We are nearing the time, if we have not already reached it, when the superiority the foreign builders have enjoyed will vanish, and we shall be able to compete in shipbuilding. Then it may be expected that our merchants, and shipowners, and shipmasters will again exhibit the enterprise they formerly showed, and which they have so long abandoned to the British in enlarging old markets and searching out new. When that time comes the doom of Dingleyism will have sounded. Even under the partial abandonment of our commercial isolation brought about by what is called the Wilson Tariff, our manufacturers, of many goods, discovered that in upholding high protection they had injured their own interests, and that a monopoly of the home market was less to their advantage than a fair field and no favor in the markets of the world.

We shall enter upon a territorial rivalry with the great commercial and naval Powers of the world. It is the prevalence, in Great Britain, of the commercial spirit that makes Englishmen so much more appreciative than are Europeans of the Continent, of what we are trying to do in Cuba. For it is exactly what England herself has had to do in many outlying parts of the world, and what she has lately been doing with conspicuous success in Egypt, and what she has been trying to do in the Far East. When we throw off the fetters of our political and commercial isolation, we, too, will adopt the policy of "the open door," and take our share in the beneficent work of civilizing mankind by commerce. In that cause the Anglo-Saxon nations could well afford to face the world in arms. And, in any case, the better understanding, which our intervention in Cuba has brought about, between England and ourselves is worth all the sacrifices that the war has thus far required of us.

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Strength of Fortress Monroe

GUARDIAN OF THE CHESAPEAKE

THE watchdog of the Chesapeake—as Fort Monroe is fittingly termed, has now reached that stage of completion when it will be able to repel the advance of an enemy's ships, if not by the work of powerful guns mounted on its lofty ramparts, surely with the aid of the many submarine mines which can be operated from a keyboard directly under the observation tower in one corner of the fort, says the New York Tribune.

The original structure is one of the best examples of the famous type of fortification designed by King Louis XIV's celebrated engineer, Vauban. The main stronghold is constructed of huge blocks of granite, and is probably the largest masonry fortress in the world. Of late, expert engineers of the United States Army have been industriously at work both within and without the formidable, grass plotted walls, and day by day old Fort Monroe, believed by many to be obsolete, ineffective, and an ideal resort for Fourth of July soldiering, has been strengthened to such a remarkable degree that the cities and communities whose chief protection lies in its large guns and death-dealing submarine mines, are absolutely safe from every attack by an enemy's ships.

Situated at the extreme point of the Virginia peninsula, the fort commands the full range of the two Virginia capes—Henry and Charles—which are the most common approaches from the Atlantic to Washington, Baltimore, the Newport News Shipyard, Portsmouth Navy Yard, Norfolk and Richmond.

The main armament of the fort consists of eight ten and thirteen inch breech loading rifles, sixteen ten and twelve inch seacoast breech loading mortars and four disappearing guns, three ten inch and one eight inch. In addition to the converted rifles mentioned there are also two large fifteen inch guns of old pattern on the higher ramparts, which have been moved back to make room for a rapid fire rifle battery.

The upper ramparts command a splendid view of the whole of Hampton Roads, and the guns thereon can be trained either down the bay in the direction of Capes Henry and Charles, or up the James and Elizabeth rivers, with Newport News on the former, and Norfolk and Portsmouth on the latter, all within a few miles of the fort.

At the foot of these ramparts is a wide moat, and on the outer side of this, entirely surrounding it, is a thick wall, behind which are a large number of old, unimproved guns that can be effectively used in checking landing parties.

In the lower extremity of the fort is the new disappearing gun stronghold or pit, as it is termed at the post. In this elevated emplacement are three up-to-date disappearing guns of ten inch calibre, which easily have an effective range of one mile for each calibre. If Spain sends warships to the Virginia capes with a view of entering and advancing on the cities within, these modern rifles will be the first to be used in repelling the attack. They have been thoroughly tested, and are now in splendid order.

Between the main fort and the mammoth mortar battery is a long strip of beach on which is built a connecting railway. This strip is a mile in length before it widens into the "pines" where the sixteen mortars are located. The name, Pines Battery, is derived from a clump of tall pines which marks the mortar stronghold. This is one of the finest batteries of its kind now held by the United States. Instead of being built of solid masonry, after the customary manner, the works are a combination of cement, small gravel and sand, the latter, which is used as an outside coating, having been proved to be the most effective material to resist every kind of shot and shell.

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The mortars behind this impregnable wall throw projectiles of the enormous weight of one hundred and eight hundred pounds, and have a range of from two and a half to six miles. These valuable engines of war are mounted on revolving carriages, having a swinging radius of one hundred and thirty degrees, and can be trained on ships either above or below Fort Monroe.

The batteries of rapid fire rifles, to be placed in position at once, will form a valuable addition to the heavy armament heretofore described. They will comprise five and six inch guns of English [illegible] which will be used chiefly to defeat landing expeditions and sink torpedo boats if they [illegible] to pass Hampton Roads for [illegible] battle ships, Brooklyn and Kearsarge, now in the water and helpless against even such small craft.

The work of laying cables, anchors and buoys in Hampton Roads and at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay has been completed and the mines have been fixed in place. The principal keyboard operating this deadly network of mines is located in the "body of holes" inside the fort where no one is permitted to wander. Another keyboard is also operated from Cape Henry.

In the rear of the thick walls which present so formidable an appearance from the Roads, are the residences of officers and the quarters of the artillerymen who will man the guns and mortars on the ramparts above.

Back of the rear wall of the fort is a long sheet of water, which curls in, so to speak, from Hampton Roads, running around the Chamberlin Hotel and in the rear of the stronghold, making Fort Monroe a long peninsula and almost an island fortification. The officers at the fort entertain no apprehension because of the weak condition of the rear defenses, being confident that the guns and mortars in front will be able to stop any or all ships before they can get in back of the stronghold.

Colonel Royal T. Frank, commandant at Fort Monroe, has a high estimation of the effectiveness of the "watchdog of the Chesapeake," and confidently asserts that no hostile ship will be able to make a safe passage into Hampton Roads.

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Oscar II's Literary Labors.—Oscar II, King of Sweden, possesses no small literary talent, and this was brought to light almost by accident a few years ago. The Stockholm Academy offered substantial prizes for the best essay on "Liberty," and, disdaining to curry favor, the King contributed a paper under an assumed name. He carried off the second prize, and from that day his reputation as an author has been assured. He has published several volumes of poetry, and some works on political economy, but his best work is The Mission to Sovereigns.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The above address was recently delivered before the Fortnightly Club of Chicago, by Doctor Montezuma, an Apache.

Every-Day Life in the Philippines

A CLOSER VIEW OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

THOUGH the Philippine Islands were classed as Spanish possessions before the brilliant attack of Commodore Dewey and his fleet Spain has never possessed them to a degree sufficient to influence the character of the social conditions of the vast mass of their inhabitants, beyond impressing a certain proportion of them with a faint understanding of Catholic Christianity, says the New York Herald

In truth the Spaniards never had a masterful grip over anything more than the towns and villages which sprang up at their building, and just so much additional land as was necessary for their troops to stand upon. Their rule was a mere exotic. It only continued because the natives, many tribes of whom had never been conquered, did not possess sufficient power of organization to plan a successful revolt. The tribes in the most northern parts of the Island of Luzon have always been independent, while in Mindanao and Sulu the Spanish authority never reached farther than a day's march from the garrisons.

Nothing could be more infelicitous than the name which has sometimes been applied to Luzon, "the Cuba of the East." Cubans, whether loyal or insurgent, are absolutely a Latinized race. Havana is a Spanish city. But Luzon is an Asiatic island, and Manila, its capital, is a merely fortuitous assemblage of Asiatic people, brought together through the enterprise of a small fraction of a European contingent, wherein the Spaniards largely predominate in numbers while the Anglo Saxons excel in influence.

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In the summer months, during the greater part of the day the heat is so intense that the Europeans frequently tumble over with heat apoplexy. Even the Spaniards do their business in the early hours, whiling away the heat of the day in sleep. Late in the afternoon Manila begins to awaken.

The Escolta, or principal street, is crowded with loungers of all ranks and colors, each with a cigarette stuck jauntily behind the ear. Carromattas, a species of two wheeled hooded cabriolets peculiar to the natives, crowd the roadway, together with the buggies and open carriages of the foreign element. The Spanish carriages have a certain picturesque, but barbaric, gorgeousness, the harness being thickly laden with silver ornaments, while the coachman wears a curious hat of tortoise shell, bound and filleted with silver.

At sunset the various tobacco stores close, and their thousands of employees pour out into the streets. They form a motley, yet effective feature among the wayfarers, with their cotton suits, big pink checks, or of the color of lemon, lilac, chocolate, yellow or green—combinations which harmonize charmingly with their rich, dusky skins under the mellow light of the afternoon.

The Malay girls are usually very pretty, with languishing eyes shaded by long lashes, and supple figures whose graceful lines are revealed by their thin clothing. In hot weather their bare feet are thrust into light gold embroidered slippers. In wet weather they raise themselves on high clogs, which necessitate a very becoming swinging gait.

There is not a bonnet to be seen. Women of the better classes affect lace and flowers, those of the lower wear their own hair flowing down their backs in a long, blue-black wave. All classes, without exception, wear over the stiff starched kerchiefs which decorously cover the bosom, a crucifix, and a relic of some sort in a big. Jewelry is profusely worn. Every woman sparkles with bracelets, earrings and chains. Many of the males are similarly capparisoned. The reason is not far to seek. Thieves are many and houses are insecure. It is better to carry your property about with you than to leave it where it is at the mercy of the robber.

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Dinner is at half past seven. After that meal the crowds tend to accumulate in the Luneta, a long, grassy space between the ancient city and the sea. Here, against a background of venerable, moss grown walls, are stationed a multitude of vehicles, filled with bejeweled and bedizened ladies, illumined by rows of petroleum lamps on the middle space of grass two streams of men flow up and down, listening to a military band, men in brilliant uniforms, or in white trousers and jackets, and bright waistsashes and wide sombreros. The peasants mix freely with the upper classes, brightening the scene with their white kerchiefs and chessboard cottons. The children run laughing in and out among the groups.

Everybody smokes. Cigarettes, at fifteen for a cent are in chief favor with the natives. Cigars at a dollar and a half a hundred are in favor with the foreigners. All the street cars are peripatetic smoking saloons. Even the women "light up" as soon as their fare is paid.

A Manila street car has other peculiarities. It is usually drawn by a single pony, managed by two drivers. One beats the pony and the other holds the reins and blows a tin horn. On the rear platform stands a pompous conductor, who collects a copper at a time the car passes a section post. These section posts are somewhat less than a mile apart. The conductor is particularly careful to look after the discharge of the car fore and aft. He will not allow more to stand on one platform than on the other. If there are eight in front and six in the rear, or vice versa, somebody has to stumble through the car from the heavier end to the lighter. This precaution is necessary to prevent derailments. Other precautions, still more necessary, are omitted. Thus, a woman carrying a little small pox patient is as welcome as any other passenger.

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The handful of Englishmen resident in Manila are mostly bachelors, eager upon making their pile and returning to pleasanter surroundings. These take up their quarters in a large house at Sampaloc, which is club and boarding house combined or in "chummeries" established in adjacent buildings. The few foreign benedicts of British birth, who have married there with the intention of settling down, have been forced to make their selection from the Spanish population. English women would find existence in Manila a dreadful ordeal.

None of the Philippine Islands offers any inducements to the temporary sojourner, save in natural beauty of scenery. The Government is mediæval, and foreigners are discouraged as much as possible. Owing to the tedious Custom House regulations, the obligation of every person to procure and carry on his person a document of identity, the requirement of a passport to enter and another to leave the islands, the absence of railways and hotels in the interior, and the personal insecurity and difficulty of traveling the Philippines have not been favorite resorts of tourists and globe trotters. Probably not fifteen thousand Spaniards, or people of pure Spanish blood, have even a passing residence throughout its whole extent. Indeed, of the eight millions that inhabit the Philippine Islands, all of the foreigners, whether European or Chinese, do not make up altogether a hundredth part of the population.

Two races of aboriginal inhabitants are the chief occupants of the islands. The least important is a race of little negroes, with woolly heads and sooty skins, whom the Spaniards call Negritos. The other and more considerable area a brown complexioned people, with long, lank hair, who are closely akin to the Malays. They are subdivided into many varieties, all with the same general character, but with tribal differences. Thus, the Ilocans occupy the northern division of the archipelago, the Tagals the centre, and the Visayans the south.

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Of these three sub-races, the first-named is the largest and sturdiest in physical build, but of lower mental average, and of less general adaptability, than the others. The second, a smaller statured, darker complexioned, sinewy race, is distinguished above all others for energy of character, intelligence, and perseverance. The Visayans are the gentlest and handsomest. Derived from or ingrafted in these three main branches are many lesser sprays. Some, especially in North and Central Luzon, owe their differentiation if reliance can be placed in the testimony of bodily lineaments and historical evidence combined to a strong infusion of Chinese or Japanese blood on the one side, and Polynesian or Papuan on the other.

The Spaniards classify all the Philippine Islanders under three religious groups: the Infieles, or infidels, who have held to their ancient heathen rites; the Moros or Moors, who retain the Mohammedan religion of their first conquerors, and the infinitely larger class of Indios, or Roman Catholics.

An important, though numerically small, element in the population of the larger cities, are the mestizos, or half breeds, the result of admixture either between the Chinese or the Spanish and the natives. These mestizos occupy about the same social position as the mulattos of the United States. They will not associate with people whose skins are darker than their own, and they cannot associate with the whites. But they are the richest and most enterprising among the native population.

In all the towns and larger villages of the Philippines the chief municipal control, subject to the approval of the Spanish Governor at Manila, was nominally in the hands of a "Captain," a native of the place, who was elected in accordance with immemorial custom, for a two years' service, from among the villagers themselves. But in effect the most important personage was the Cura, or parish priest. He was, in most instances, a Spaniard by birth and enrolled in one or other of the three great religious orders—the Augustinian, the Franciscan, or the Dominican—established by the conquerors. At heart, however, he was usually as much, if not more, of a native than the natives themselves.

The villagers are devout children of the church which they have adopted, though very often the superstitions of the earlier life peep through every outward semblance of Catholicism. Ancestor worship is one of them. The virgins, saints and martyrs of Roman hagiology are merely placed at the head of the unseen kingdom, which previous to their recognition had already been well tenanted by their own ancestors and relatives. Abnormal practices and beliefs still exist and smoulder on throughout the archipelago, despite the efforts of the priesthood to obliterate them. But, as a rule, the Catholic Church has shown its wonted wisdom in adopting and engrafting upon its own ceremonial, all popular religious or social customs that were not intrinsically repugnant to it.

Next to the church, the greatest Sunday and holiday resort in a Philippine village is the cockpit, usually a large building, walled like a coarse basket and surrounded by a high paling of the same description, which forms a sort of courtyard where cocks are kept waiting their turns to come upon the stage when their owners have succeeded in arranging a satisfactory match.

It is claimed that many a respectable Malay paterfamilias has been seen escaping from amid the ruins of his burning home, bearing away in his arms his favorite bird, while wife and children were left to shift for themselves.

The diet of the Philippines has something to do, undoubtedly, with their gentle and non aggressive qualities. They eschew all spirituous liquors and opium. Their chief sustenance, morning, noon and eve, is rice. The rice crop seldom fails not merely to support the population, but to leave a large margin for export. Famine—that hideous shadow which broods over many a rice subsisting population—is unknown here. Even scarcity is of rare occurrence. In the worst of years hardly a sack of grain has to be imported.

It is this very abundance which stands in the way of what the world calls progress. The Malay, like other children of the tropics, limits his labor by the measure of his requirements, and that measure is narrow indeed. Hence it is often difficult to obtain his services in the development of the tobacco, coffee, hemp and sugar industries, which might make the archipelago one of the wealthiest, most prosperous and most discontented portions of the earth's surface.

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In Nevada's Petrified Forest

IN THE WONDERLAND OF NATURE

DEEP in the wilds of Humboldt County, Nevada is the most wonderful petrified forest in the world, says the San Francisco Call. Although the place has been known to cattlemen and hunters for many years, news of its existence has only recently reached civilization. In a way, it was "discovered" last fall, by a party of exploring campers, one of whom was Mrs. Ida Meacham Strobridge, the well known writer.

This lady, while on the trip, secured a number of good photographs of the strange petrifications, a set of which she has just presented to the Academy of Sciences, where they have caused the greatest interest among the members. The photographs leave no doubt of the remarkable character of the locality referred to, and no doubt much more of interest will come to light as the years go by.

The most remarkable aspect of this wonderful petrified forest is the fact that many of the trunks are standing. Some of these are at least fifteen feet above the ground and where the trees grew on cliffs the roots can be traced downward for at least thirty feet.

The surrounding country is full of wonders. For miles it will be covered with a bright red gravel, when it will suddenly change and become a beautiful jasper. There are caves of wonderful depth, cañons with walls of dizzy height, and deep pools in the bottoms, very deep. On every side are wonders and wonders, and the more careful the exploration the more strange and beautiful things come to light.

The exact location of this wonderful region is northwestward from the station of Humboldt—its nearest railroad communication—a hundred miles, straight as the crow flies. To reach it by the shortest route one must cross more than one range of mountains, and a thirty-mile-wide desert that for the greater part of the year is waterless. Then one goes journeying through sky land up among high mesas that, meeting the sky, mark a level horizon a vast area of table lands innumerable, their flattened tops bound round with a wall of rim rock.

The petrified trees are in the heart of Virgin Valley and to reach the valley one is compelled to go down Hell Creek Hill. Perhaps that is why the "forest" is so little known. That, and the fact that the road thence is simply a cow trail, over which but once a year the cook wagon of the fall rodeo is driven, when making its rounds as the vaqueros are gathering beef for the great California cattle king, on his stock range.

With the brake set and a rock of goodly size under each wheel, in defiance of the law of gravitation a four horse wagon, one day, obligingly clung to the perpendicular side of Hell Creek Hill in order that the camera might bear witness that such things could be.

This road is one of the penalties of the trip, another (which is not a penalty, but a pleasure to some, and ought to be such to every one) is the camping out alone—afar from human voice or habitation.

Yet it is a good thing lying down at night in the open, where the air is so sweet, and cool, and dry that sleeping out fills one's lungs with new life and one's veins with a new, keen delight. What better bed would you have than the whole of earth beneath you and all Heaven overhead?

But whether you care for a camp bed made out under the sky or not, it will very likely fall to your lot if you find your way into Virgin Valley, for, hospitable though the inhabitants of that part of Humboldt County be the ranches are scattered and far apart. Once in the valley, a generous welcome is extended to the traveler at the little cabin where Tom Sizer, a ruddy faced Englishman is host. Tom Sizer, who knows the petrified forest as no one else does, and who is the kindliest of his kind as guide or host.

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There could be no housing in the world fuller of hospitable cheer than one will find in this rough little cabin, where the walls are papered with English and American illustrated weeklies, and the unpainted shelves filled with worn books and the accumulated litter of a bachelor's camp.

When the day is done, and you have enjoyed such a supper of broiled mountain trout as you never tasted before, tired from a day's hard jaunt you may sit there in the gathering dusk—your big home made chair drawn up before a great sagebrush fire that goes roaring up the chimney from the broad, flagged hearth, a fire that snaps and sparkles and crackles as it is replenished from the heap of sagebrush piled more than halfway to the low ceiling in a corner near by.

The evenings, no less than the days, in Virgin Valley, are compensation for the trip. The valley is not one belonging to the lowlands but lies high in the top of a mountain range marked everywhere by the great lava flow. Eight miles and more in length and a mile wide, it forms a beautiful meadow of wild grasses that grow rank and tall. And down its whole length runs Virgin Creek—as yet, indeed, a virgin stream, undiscovered by the expert fisherman.

The lower end of the creek is warm from the waters overflowing from one of the many hot springs common in the county, but the upper end holds still pools, cold as ice, and fringed with tall reeds and taller willows, where, in the crannies of rocks down in the brown depths, you catch a glimpse of waving brown fins as trout (great, beautiful fellows, nearly a foot long, hang suspended below the still surface.

Another compensation for the trip. Wild rosebushes and scattering willows border the banks, and now and then is found a tiny grove of shaking, shivering aspens, but you will find none that measures over eighteen inches in diameter. The giants of the past are gone or entirely turned to stone.

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For an area of, perhaps, six miles petrified trees are found here and there, but only very scatteringly. One may ride a mile or more, over low hills of white earth that yields under foot like wood ash, and see no sign of petrification, to again come on quite a "grove" of standing stumps, varying from two to eight feet in diameter. The average, however, is not over six. The winter rains eat into the soft banks of the low foothills that border the valley, and year by year new stumps and logs of once noble pines are being exposed. Few are agatized as are the famous trees of other petrified forests, and many are white as calcined bones.

The gullies and washes leading down to the meadow are frequently graveled with the fine flakes of wood, that, brittle as glass, crackle and crumble under one's horse's footfalls.

Most of the stumps are within a distance of a mile square, and there is one particular portion, containing about one hundred and fifty acres that is rich in specimens of knots and gnarls, and the twigs and limbs that lie scattered about whichever way you may turn. A soft earth bank of, perhaps, five acres shows the ends of logs and stumps and roots of trees protruding everywhere.

A stump eight feet high and of the same diameter stands alone in the midst of endless chips from the workshop of the Great Carpenter of the world. Another, fifteen feet tall, with its roots easily traced for thirty feet each way from where it stands overlooks the valley from an insecure foundation.

Across a little gully, made by the heavy winter rains, a log lies like a foot bridge, with over thirty feet of its larger end protruding from the hillside which hides the other end. How far it may reach underground, how tall it may have been when it fell, we cannot see. The thirty feet and more that are exposed show in the entire length but a six inch taper. Verily, there "were giants in those days"—as compared with the little aspens of to day—when these immense stone pines lived monarchs of the mountains, deep in the heart of Virgin Valley.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

On the Other Side

The Selfishness of Our Daily Life

WE GO our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day,
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide—
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead we look about—the way is wide,
And so we pass upon the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call.
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly by on the other side.—Buffalo News.

Six Million Gross of Pens

THE demand for steel pens, says a writer in the Washington Star, is annually increasing, despite the enormous use of typewriting machines throughout the world. It is estimated that no less than 6,000,000 gross, or 864,000,000 steel pens, were sold in the United States last year. Of these about 432,000,000, or just half the total number of pens consumed here, were manufactured in this country, and the rest came from Germany, France and England. Prior to the Civil War only a small number of steel pens were produced in America, but in 1860 a pen factory was established by an Englishman in Camden, New Jersey. For two or three years this manufacturer only employed ten or twelve hands. To-day the works give steady occupation to over five hundred people, who turn out about 1,800,000 gross of pens yearly.

The first metallic pen is said to have been made by a man whose name was Harrison, in Birmingham, England, in 1780. These pens were made by hand for over a quarter of a century. They were punched out of a thin sheet of steel and then rounded into a barrel shape. The place where the slit was to be was marked with a sharp chisel, and before tempering this was tapped with a small hammer until it cracked, which mark formed the slit. From such crude beginnings has our modern steel pen evolved.

To such a state of perfection has pen-making machinery been brought, coupled with the division of labor and keen competition of trade, that several firms now have an output of from 20,000 to 30,000 gross per week. The total production in Birmingham, the greatest centre in the world for pen-making, is reckoned at 160,000 gross, or 23,000,000 pens per week. The number and variety of patterns now made in this country, and in England, is hardly credible. One of the prominent American manufacturers turns out as many as 2000 different styles of pens, and a leading maker in Birmingham has a catalogue of 5000 varieties, while many other patterns are made to order to suit special customers.

The Most Curious of Organs

AN ORGAN which the leading organist of New York could not play is now being used by professors of Cornell University, says the Inter Ocean. This organ is not, as might be supposed, out of tune. It is because it is in perfect tune that it differs so radically from an ordinary organ. The ordinary organ, such as is used in churches and drawing-rooms, is not in tune, even after the maker has just declared it to be in perfect order.

The Cornell organ was invented by Von Helmholtz, and it contains a purely mathematical scale. It is made for the composition of chords such as are not to be obtained on an ordinary instrument, and is used to study the vibration of notes, and of what tones an organ is made. Every tone in music is to be found on this organ. For instance, what are known as sharps and flats on a piano are not really sharps and flats. C sharp and D flat are struck on the same black key, but, strictly speaking, that black key is neither; it is a note or tone situated midway between C sharp and D flat. If both of the latter were on the piano, however, the difference between them is so slight that it would confuse the player. So a compromise is made, and the two are blended, or, rather, the tone midway between them is used instead of either.

But in Cornell the organ contains keys for every note in the scale, no matter how fine the gradation. With it students can see just how a note on the organ is built up. Certain notes on the organ are made up of certain other tones. On the ordinary piano you would not be able to illustrate what these notes are. You would need the true sharps and flats in order to compose the notes. The overtones on the domestic instrument would be quite different. The pure fifth, which can here be accurately denoted, is very much curtailed on the piano. Used in connection with this organ are complete sets of resonators, or tuning-forks. In order to find out how many resonations are contained in a given tone, it is only necessary to strike that note. Those forks which resound in sympathy with it are sure to be included in the make-up of the note. The silent ones are not necessary and are not included in it.

A Nugget Weighing Seventy Pounds

WHILE a great many argonauts are vexing their gold-loving souls and exhausting their capital in the venturesome journey to the Klondike, says the New York Mail and Express, news comes from far away and mysterious Eastern Asia of a discovery which tends to reverse the course of the star of empire—to turn back, as it were, the hands of the clock of civilization. It is true that this news comes rather indirectly and through channels as devious as distant, but it is gilded with all the glamour of a nugget of gold having the astonishing and the alluring weight of seventy pounds.

Now, seventy pounds of gold is a goodly and not unwelcome burden, even to the bent back. In United States coin, even with its alloy, three and sixty-eight one-hundredths pounds avoirdupois are worth $1000, so that seventy pounds of nugget gold may be presumed to be worth approximately $20,000. There may be incredulity as to such a find, but it has official credence. The first, or more properly the final, testimony comes from United States Consul Smith, stationed at Moscow, who reports to our Department of State that a telegram from Tomsk announces the finding of this glittering lump of treasure, which will in size rank eleventh among the biggest treasure-trove on Mother Earth, and the second among any found in Russia. The nugget was discovered down in the Spasso Preobrajensk mines, situated on the River Chibyek, in the district of Yeansay.

These are names most unfamiliar in colloquial geography. But quite as unfamiliar, little more than a twelve-month ago, was all the nomenclature of the Klondike and of the Alaskan gold fields. It would be a marvelous incident, in the vast and tremendous schemes of Russian development, if that autocracy should suddenly find the encroaching advance of its diplomacy in the far East strengthened by the sinews of earth-born plutocracy. So would Midas become the confederate of the Romanoff.

Memory Training for Oysters

THOUGH it is generally believed that the very lowest forms of animal life are not altogether destitute of mind, says Odds and Ends, any new proof of this is received not only with interest, but even with a kind of surprise. The oyster is an organism of a very low type, but breeders have a practice which seems to show that it has memory, and where there is memory there must be mind. An oyster-breeder at Courseilles-sur-Mer was observed to always keep a great number of oysters on a slope where, as the tide ebbed, they were left dry for a certain time twice a day. On being asked why he did this, he replied that the oysters were being "educated" before being sent to Paris, and taught to economize water in their shells. Oysters immediately from the water are said to open on the road, and arrive at their destination dried out, dead and spoiled. If they are first placed where they are alternately under water, and high and dry, they realize in a few days they will experience discomfort if they open under the latter conditions. When they learn to wisely retain the liquid, they are sufficiently advanced to pass an examination in Paris.

Great Theatres of All Lands

THE population of Italy is 8,000,000 less than the population of France, but Italy has more theatres than France and twice as many as Great Britain, though the population of Great Britain is fully 5,000,000 larger than that of Italy, says the New York Sun. These figures, recently compiled, reinforce the claim long made by Italian managers that there are more theatres, in proportion to its population, in Italy than elsewhere in the world. There are, counting halls and opera houses as theatres, 1000 places of amusement, approximately, in the United States. In Italy there are 448, in France 437, in Germany 390, in Great Britain 352, and in Spain 210.

One explanation which has been offered, for the very large number of theatres in Italy, is that many of them are small affairs and unworthy of recognition as theatres. This view of the case, however, is inaccurate, as, in respect to the seating capacity, Italian theatres are rather larger than smaller than those of other countries. The Carlo Felice, in Genoa, seats 2500; the San Carlo, in Naples, 2200, and La Scala, now no longer used for theatrical performances, in Milan, 2100. The size of these theatres can be seen when compared with some New York houses, the average seating capacity of which is 1500. The Garden, Garrick, Hoyt's, the Lyceum, and the Empire, all well-known houses, have less than 1500 seating capacity each. A more plausible and more satisfactory explanation of the large number of theatres in Italy, is to be found in the fact that the cultivation and appreciation of music are, perhaps, more general in Italy than in any other country, and many of the playhouses, therefore, are devoted, not to theatrical, but to musical entertainments. What are called concert halls in the United States and England are theatres in Italy, and the gardens, which prevail so very largely in Germany, and in which the popular taste for music is in part supplied, are not to be found in Italy to any similar extent. The number of small towns in Italy, of what would be called in this country the second-class, is considerable. With a total population in excess of 30,000,000, Italy has no large city having as much population as Baltimore, and, unlike both England and France, the political capital of the country is neither the largest city nor the artistic capital of it. Popular amusement in the small towns is furnished at minor theatres, and the number of these is so great as to put Italy at the head of all countries in this particular.

Origin of Quaint Japanese Designs

THE question often arises: Where do the Japanese get the ideas from which to produce the weird and fantastic designs so often seen in their work? Numerous efforts have been made to answer this question, and the Japanese have been alternately lauded for the beauty of their work and condemned for their crudeness, says the Family Doctor. It would appear that the system by which they are taught designing is largely responsible for the character of the work. There is no other race of people on the face of the earth, with the possible exception of the Chinese, who are more painstaking, as well as skillful, in the work which they perform.

The Japanese student who is to be taught drawing is given a small book, in which the designs are printed in small squares, until he has grasped the salient features of each. He is then sent out into the open country, and told to observe the works of Nature spread out before him in all their luxuriance. Finding some suitable object for his attention, he proceeds to reproduce the same, introducing, perhaps, some imaginative details. It is here that the system of squares comes in. Those elegant stems and feathery petals, which are apparently just thrown together without restraint, are really the particular feature of the mass of vegetation he has selected for individual study. His long course of study in this line has given him the faculty of following a single vine through tangled underbrush, and ignoring all the rest of its growth. The tortuous course of this one vine, when brought out by his brush, appears, to the Western art critic, as crude and without merit, whereas, in reality, it is full of interest. The greatest merit of their work lies in the ability to touch the characteristics of the simplest of natural objects.

Religious Beliefs of Our Presidents

IN ANSWER to a correspondent, the Voice gives the following as a complete list of our Presidents, together with their church affiliations:

George Washington was a communicant of the Episcopal Church.

Thomas Jefferson was a member of no church. He was a deist.

John Adams was a Unitarian.

James Madison was an Episcopalian.

James Monroe was an Episcopalian.

John Quincy Adams was a Unitarian.

Andrew Jackson became a member of the Presbyterian Church after the death of his wife.

Martin Van Buren regularly attended the Dutch Reformed Church at Kinderhook, New York, but was not a member.

William Henry Harrison was a communicant in the Episcopal Church. His pew in Christ Church, Cleveland, Ohio, bore his silver plate for years after his death.

John Tyler was a member of the Episcopal Church.

James K. Polk never united with any denomination. While he was President he attended the Presbyterian Church out of deference to his wife's wishes. On his death-bed he was baptized by a Methodist preacher, an old friend and neighbor.

Zachary Taylor was an attendant of the Episcopal Church and is said to have been a member.

Millard Fillmore was a Unitarian.

Franklin Pierce was said to be a Trinitarian Congregationalist.

James Buchanan was a Presbyterian.

Andrew Johnson was not a member, but attended the Presbyterian Church.

Abraham Lincoln belonged to no church, but he usually attended the Presbyterian services.

Ulysses S. Grant attended the Methodist Church, but was not a member.

Rutherford B. Hayes was a Methodist.

James A. Garfield was a member of the Church of the Disciples.

Chester A. Arthur was an Episcopalian.

Grover Cleveland joined the Presbyterian Church after his marriage.

Benjamin Harrison is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

William McKinley is a member of the Methodist Church and a regular attendant.

How the Moon Affects the Ocean

IF FAMILIARITY does not always breed contempt, yet at least it generally breeds indifference, says the Atlantic Monthly. This is the case with most of us in regard to the rise and fall of the tide by the seashore.

According to the law of universal gravitation, the moon attracts matter which stands near her more strongly than that which is more remote. It follows that the attraction on the ocean, at the side of the earth which is nearest the moon, must be greater than that exercised on the solid earth itself. Hence there is a tendency for the sea to depart from its natural spherical shape, and to bulge outward toward the moon. So far the matter is simple; but it is perplexing to many that the moon should apparently repel the water lying on the farther side of the earth. This action, however, is not due to any ideal repulsion from the moon, but results from the fact that on the farther side the moon must attract the solid earth more strongly than it does the water. On the nearer side the moon pulls the water away from the earth, and on the farther side she pulls the earth away from the water, thus producing an apparent repulsion of the water to an extent equal to the attraction on the other side. In this way there arises a tendency for the ocean to bulge equally toward and away from the moon, and to assume, at certain times, an egg-like shape.

Infinite Possibilities of Gold

IF THE average reader or thinker will devote a few minutes to the subject of gold and its uses, and how much of it annually disappears by wear, leaving no possible trace, he will quickly find himself involved in extremely interesting calculations, says Harper's Round Table. If some genius would only invent a power strong enough to attract to it the millions of invisible particles that have been, and are constantly being, worn off the various articles composed of that metal, what an immense amount would be recovered! Where do these particles go? Here, there, everywhere; wherever man goes.

As an instance of this, the following is cited: There is at present a veritable gold mine being worked in an old watch-case factory in Brooklyn. It occurred to the new purchasers of this property that, during the long years of manufacturing of gold watch-cases that took place there, a large quantity of gold particles must have been absorbed by the flooring, walls, furnace, chimney, etc. So they went carefully to work and tore the old building down bit by bit, and burned and crushed the material, afterward assaying the ashes. So far, something like fifty thousand dollars has been recovered. Say an ounce of this lost gold was recovered. If we melted it down and gilded a fine silver wire, it would extend more than thirteen hundred miles; or, if nineteen ounces were recovered it would gild a wire long enough to compass the whole earth like a hoop.

If you pick up a gold leaf, such as is used for gilding purposes, it becomes a curiosity in your eyes when you realize that seventy-five square inches of it weigh only one grain. Now the thousandth part of a line, or inch, is easily visible through a pocket glass. When reduced to the thinness of gold leaf, 1-50,700,000th of a grain of gold may be distinguished by the eye. But it is claimed that 1-400,000,000th of a grain of gold may be rendered visible. Large quantities of gold are used in gilding portions of exteriors of public and private buildings. For instance, if we take the Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, we find that it required the use of two hundred and forty-seven pounds of gold to gild its five crosses. They can be seen glittering twenty-seven miles away.

Why Do We Call a Cat "Pussy"?

DID you ever think, asks the Religious Herald, why we call the cat "puss"?

A great many years ago, the people of Egypt, who had many idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon because she was more bright at night and because her eyes change just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only the bright crescent.

So these people made an idol of the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name as they gave to the moon, for the word means "the face of the moon." That word has been changed to "pas" or "pus," and has come at last to be "puss," the name which almost every one gives to the cat. "Puss" and "pussy cat" are pet names for kitty everywhere—in every civilized country.

The Romance of a Violin

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS 'CELLO

IT REQUIRES a delicate ear and a discriminating eye to appreciate all the fine qualities of a fine violin. Most persons in daily life can extract a suitable quality of music from a cheap instrument, and have no desire for the high-priced ones. The New York World says that an exceedingly valuable violoncello is soon to be offered for sale in this country. The fixed price is twenty thousand dollars.

This 'cello is a masterpiece of the master, Stradivarius. It is one of the few instruments of that type which have survived the destroying process of time, and it is a 'cello with a history. In the distinguishing features of tone, form and color, it is a marvel, and the connoisseur will admit that the price, while large, is not, after all, so fabulously excessive.

During the past few generations this historic instrument has reposed in St. Petersburg. At the moment, it is the property of Senator Andrew Nicolaievitsch Markowitsch, the Assistant Chief of the Department of Charities in the Russian Empire. Just why the Senator chooses to dispose of his possession is an honor to himself. The usual American reason for selling antiques of such undoubted value is that the possessor needs the money. The Senator, however, has no need for money, and, moreover, being an elderly man, has no desire for additional riches. The real reason that moves him to dispose of it is that he desires to have it perpetuated, and so has put upon it a price that will keep it out of the hands of a person not calculated to sufficiently appreciate its greatness.

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The history of the marvelous instrument is well known among musicians in Europe. Also, it has some fame in this country. Being one of the few 'cellos fashioned by the master, it has been a matter of some ease to trace it back to the workshop in Cremona, from whence it was issued in 1709.

About three years after the instrument was finished, one Monsieur Delphin, a man of some attainments, but not a musician, bought, with all its contents, a house in Cremona. Here, among other valuables, he found the Stradivarius 'cello. And, about that time Antonius Stradivarius had arisen to a complete mastery in his art. Born in 1644, Stradivarius had become a pupil of the great Nicolo Amati. At the age of twenty-three he began the manufacture of musical instruments, all of which were patterned on the models of his master. In the succeeding twenty years he conformed to the Amati types, and then broadened out into a field outlined by himself. In 1686, Stradivarius began the making of instruments of a type purely his own.

In these instruments Stradivarius adopted new proportions in the thickness of wood, new curves in the swelling of belly and back, a new arrangement of the sound-post and bass-bar, and a freer, more graceful cutting of the *f* holes.

In these instruments, also, Stradivarius was the first to finish the interior. Other makers had left the insides of their instruments rather rough and uncouth, but, by completing the work within, Stradivarius obtained a greater beauty and, no doubt, something additional in tone.

So this 'cello, now destined for America, was fashioned at the height of Stradivarius' glory. In the course of time, Delphin's grandson became a musician, and to him was presented the 'cello. The young Delphin became an adept in his art, and while still a youth attracted the attention of the Prince Poteinkin Tavritschesky, a high noble in the reign of Catherine II, of Russia.

In common with others of his class, the Prince supported a complete orchestra, which was attached to this suite. These musicians were retained to make music in the country houses and in the town homes of the nobles, and, save the leader, were usually serfs. The usual method, in those days, was to import some skillful musician, who taught his art to the serfs and remained as conductor to these orchestras. Thus Delphin was employed, and when he entered Russia brought the Stradivarius 'cello with him.

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Delphin had been only a few years in Russia when his patron died. The heir, having his own favorite musician, had no further need of Delphin's services, and the young man found himself left to his own devices. Casting about for employment, he obtained the indulgence of that young fashionable, Count Goudowitsch, Master of the Royal Hounds for His Majesty, Nicholas I.

Here Delphin thrived until 1800, when he was carried off by a quick disorder. During his life in Russia Delphin had married, one daughter resulting from the union. In his will the musician left the Stradivarius 'cello to the Count, who, however, declined to profit by the musician's gratitude. He desired, though, to retain the instrument, which had then become famous and was known throughout Europe to all who were interested.

The girl, however, had no great desire to own the 'cello, convinced that she could make but poor use of it, and wishing rather that it might be perpetuated to the honor of her parent. So, when the Count gave her four thousand dollars for it, she was both grateful and content.

During the years of his life the Count jealously guarded his prize. It was commonly kept in his bedroom, where, under his guarding eye, it was safe from harm by the heedless or the unscrupulous. Growing toward old age, the Count expressed a desire to transmit the 'cello to some one that would both appreciate and preserve the gift. That was in 1864. The Count was then eighty-five years old, and impressed with the knowledge that he had only a few years to live.

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Among his relatives was this Andrew Nicolaievitsch Markowitsch, who was a musician of some attainments and a connoisseur of classic instruments. Feeling that he could make no better selection than this, he presented the 'cello to him, and by him it has been kept to this day.

The Senator is now a very old man. He desires, as it has been said, to perpetuate the famous Stradivarius. A short time ago he announced that he would part with the instrument, and immediately he was besieged with offers. Among these was one from Hill, of the famous firm of music dealers in London. Hill had long had an eye on the valuable 'cello.

An agent was despatched to St. Petersburg, and an interview arranged with the Senator. The ancient nobleman, however, was chary about passing his treasure into the hands of a dealer. He had no guarantee that the musical firm might not let it pass into the hands of some parvenu that would not appreciate its real value. But the Hill agent was pressing. He was willing to offer a high price for the instrument.

A short time before, the Hill concern had bought a Botta—a violin—for which they paid the amazing price of eighty-five thousand francs. But all this glory of mere money did not appeal to the Senator. What he prized more than francs, rubles or dollars, was the assurance that with the sale of the 'cello should go its safety. So he set a price on the 'cello that sent the dealer fleeing in dismay.

Through the care with which this 'cello has been preserved, it retains to-day the unimpaired beauty that marked it when it left the hands of its maker. In its coloring and tone it is a marvel, indeed. It displays, to the most exquisite advantage, the remarkable transparency and depth of the varnish used by Stradivarius, a varnish no longer made.

The art of giving to these instruments their beautiful finish has been lost for years. It does not appear that the making of this varnish was a secret, but, for some reason, the art was lost many generations ago. Upon the Cremona instruments this varnish appears in all its magnificence. It is soft, rich, brilliant in color and as clear as a crystal. In various types it appears as red, sometimes brown, again yellow. In its most perfect form it is a translucent film of the tone of amber. This is the coloring of the 'cello. It fully reveals the beautiful marking of the woods employed in the structure of the violin, and at the same time gives to its faces a glimmering, iridescent quality most engaging to the eye.

Although now one hundred and eighty-nine years old, the 'cello has not even a scratch upon its surface. Its varnish is unbroken, its body unmarred. It is, in fact, as perfect an instrument as there is in the world, and, in the mind of connoisseurs, fully worth the fabulous price set upon it by the Senator.

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As Guests of the President

SOCIAL LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

VERY appropriately, the social life of our nation reaches its consummation in the White House, says Success. For years the social functions of the Executive Mansion have remained the same. On New Year's Day the house is open to the public, and all day long the President is "at home" to every person who chooses to call. There is only one other public reception during the year.

The President gives, each winter, three receptions and three State dinners. The first of these dinners is given to the Cabinet, the second to the Diplomatic Corps, and the third to the United States Supreme Court. The first card reception is given in honor of the Diplomatic Corps, the second in honor of Congress and the Judiciary, and the third to meet the officers of the Army and Navy and the Marine Corps. Only one card is issued for the three receptions. These cards, made especially for White House use, bear in gilt the motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*." The form of visitation varies but little from year to year. Cards are sent to Senators, Representatives, and the ladies of their families, officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps residing in Washington, members of the press whose names appear in the Congressional Record, and who are entitled to admission to the press gallery of the Capitol, distinguished visitors, prominent citizens, and personal friends of the President.

As a preparation for these receptions, the sombre old mansion blossoms into a veritable "thing of beauty." Festoons and smilax garland its doors and windows; in the Blue Room, where the receiving party stands, tall, arching plants, among which nestle scarlet blossoms, are grouped in the three deep window recesses; white and scarlet exotics bank the mantels, and often the circular divan, which is a feature of this room, is adorned with a tall cluster of white camellias and hyacinth blossoms, above which the lights of the chandelier shine through flowers and smilax.

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The Green and the Red Room are adorned with plants whose hues make a charming contrast with the palms in their corners. The largest of the State apartments, the East Room, is decorated in harmony with its majestic proportions.

On reception nights, about fifty policemen are detailed for duty at the White House grounds, while officers, or detectives, in plain clothing, are stationed in the conservatory and other parts of the house. The Marine Band, in bright red uniform, is seated in the entrance corridor, and begins to play promptly at nine o'clock. At the same time, the President and his wife, followed by the Vice-President and wife, and the Cabinet officers and their ladies, come down the stairway. The President stands at the head of the receiving line, his wife at his right hand. The wife of the Vice-President and the ladies of the Cabinet are ranged in the order of their husbands' official positions.

From nine to twelve, on reception evenings, the White House grounds present an animated scene. The arriving guests drive through the eastern gates of the grounds, the line of carriages sometimes extending from the archway to Pennsylvania Avenue, the crowd frequently being so dense that sometimes half an hour is consumed in covering this distance.

From the gate the carriages proceed slowly through the circular grounds, arriving at last at the *porte-cochère*. The walking contingent is always large, and the portico is crowded with people making their way to the door. By persistent pushing, one makes his way to the cloakroom, where wraps are disposed of. The guests then proceed to the Red Room, forming into line for presentation to the receiving party. At the entrance of the Blue Room the name of each guest is given to an official, who repeats it to the President, as the latter takes the visitor's hand. The wife of the President shakes hands with the visitors, as do the other ladies of the receiving party, until they become tired. In the Blue Room are a number of ladies whose duty it is to assist in entertaining. Several Cabinet officers are, also, usually among the entertainers.

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These White House receptions rival the court drawing-rooms of Europe. The ladies appear in elegant toilettes, and the gentlemen in full evening dress. At the diplomatic receptions, the gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps appear in the court dress of their respective countries. At the reception given in their honor, officers of the Army and the Navy appear in full uniform.

The New Year's reception is the most brilliant of the season. At this reception the Diplomatic Corps is first received, then the officers of the Navy and the Army, then the civil guests in order of precedence. At this reception all the Cabinet circle appears in the receiving line.

The death of the President's beloved mother put an early end to the season's festivities at the White House, and all large functions were given up. But the recent visit of so many thousands of American women from all over the country, first in attendance on the National Woman's Suffrage Association, when it celebrated its fiftieth birthday, and, later, the Convention of Daughters of the American Revolution, were occasions of opening the White House doors for a series of simple and democratic receptions, unlike the gay ones already described.

The Daughters of the American Revolution were received on Thursday of convention week, at one o'clock, when President and Mrs. McKinley met the delegates and their friends. There was little ceremony. The President stood in the East Room, by the middle door leading into the corridor which communicates with the private apartments. Mrs. McKinley sat by his side, in an easy-chair. In spite of all the trying events which he was facing, the President looked calm and serene, and a genial smile lit up his face as each woman took his hand.

Mrs. McKinley was the very essence of womanly sweetness, and received the homage of her guests in a simple, gentle fashion. There were possibly those who missed the glitter and color and ceremony of the more elaborate function, but the majority were glad to take for a moment the hand of the man who is so ably steering the Ship of State through unusually troubled waters, and look into the pure eyes of his devoted wife.

In Gibraltar's Streets

WHERE ALL NATIONS MAY BE SEEN

By John T. McCutcheon

ON THE western slope of the rock of Gibraltar lies the town. In pictures it looks like a little scattering of houses, because its size is dwarfed by the titanic pile rising behind it. When seen from the harbor it looks as if it had been tumbled down the side of the mountain, and had settled like a snowdrift at the base, with little patches of white scattered and caught in the rocks high on the slope. As a matter of fact, it is a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, not counting the military force, which numbers nearly six thousand, and the hundreds of people from all parts of the earth who linger there a day or two in passing. There is no place in the world where so many ships pass as go daily through the Strait of Gibraltar, and as a consequence the people seen on the narrow streets of the town comprise nearly all known varieties of the human species.

The town, which formerly was almost entirely Spanish in its population, still has the distinct marks of Spanish occupancy in the character of its architecture, and a large number of the present inhabitants bear names which show their Spanish descent. The Spaniards who have their homes within the walls are naturalized Britons now, for there is an ironclad military regulation that makes it impossible for a Spaniard to live on the rock unless he has signified his allegiance to the Queen and the British flag.

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There are thousands of them, however, who work in the town during the day, but who live across the narrow strip of neutral ground, in the Spanish town of Linea. Every morning they troop across from Spanish territory when the gates of the fortified city are unlocked, and every evening at sunset the firing of a gun tells them that they must get out, and the thousands of señors and señoras hurry out of the portals and stream in a motley procession back to sunny Spain and the dirty streets of Linea. They are the real Spaniards, and while they may not elevate the social tone of Gibraltar they certainly fill the streets with comic-opera costumes, and add an interesting ingredient to the mixture of nationalities.

Then there is the large population of English, and nothing is more picturesque than the costumes of an Englishman. The uniforms, full of color and smart trappings, of the different military regiments that swarm over the rock, are bright spots in every street crowd, and it would seem that the one object of those who control Gibraltar is not to let any one forget that the place is a military post and the English are the stars of the piece. There is a constant display of military splendor on the streets, and squads of soldiers are marched back and forth as if a siege was to be declared that afternoon. Officers on horseback ride up and down through the town, returning with monotonous regularity the salutes of the soldiers who stride briskly along the walks.

You can tell one of the English girls a mile off. They are blond and homely, with the inevitable mass of hair called the "bun" jutting far out under the lee of a little straw hat, and with the fresh glow of health in their faces that comes from lots of outdoor exercise. They walk with a swinging stride, and their shoes are as heavy as a man's. They all seemed to be wearing a bluish-gray sort of dress, which must be the proper thing now with young English ladies, a little straw hat, and, as a general thing, they were accompanied, when walking, by fox terriers. One girl, who looked like the kind of young lady Du Maurier used to draw, carried a stick, and nobody seemed to notice it.

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Old officers, gorgeous in lace, in white helmets, or else in simple tunic with flapping ribbons across their breasts, and pillbox caps, ride briskly through the town, jostling the little donkeys and rubbing against the yellow one-horse hacks that rattle over the clean cobblestones. Moors in flowing and voluminous garb, and in various conditions of cleanness and respectability, straggle along in barelegged dignity, causing wonder among the tourists fresh from the West. Sailors from the different men-of-war in the harbor, having a day's liberty on shore, lurch along with the approved swing of a sad sea dog, in their best blue clothes, and with the names of strange ships worked in their caps.

Pretty Spanish girls look down from under the green shutters that swing out from the windows, and these damsels generally are so attractive that one is in great danger of running into somebody or else being run over by a donkey cart or a yellow hack. Tourists, with Norfolk jackets and guide-books, and field-glasses hung over their shoulders, huddle around the tourist agency, reading letters from home or waiting for other members of their party, who at that moment are buying photographs up the street or watching soldiers drilling.

It is said that Aden and Singapore have the most varied assortment of people in the world, but Gibraltar ought to be added to the list, for an hour on Waterport street, on a sunny afternoon, will show you almost as many kinds of people as you saw on the Midway Plaisance.—Chicago Record.

When the Ship is in Action

THE PERILS ABOVE AND BELOW DECK

THERE has been a great amount of speculation lately as to the safest spot on a modern man-of-war in a sea fight, says the New York Sun. It has been asserted that the men below, in the engine and fire rooms and in the bunkers, are bound to have the best of it, not only because their duties keep most of them below the water-line, and therefore out of the way of the raking of rapid-firing batteries, but also because they are shielded above by protective decks and all around by boiler and machinery-protecting armor.

The men who hold to this view forget all about the matter of torpedoes. Some other amateur sea fighters of the land, on the other hand, take the view that the men on deck have a better show, in a naval engagement, for the reason that they have a chance to swim for it, and to be picked up by the enemy as prisoners of war, if their vessel is sunk. They assume, of course, that the enemy is in the habit of picking up the castaway members of a defeated and submerged ship's crew. This is by no means a safe assumption. The enemy has often rescued and held as prisoners of war members of the crew of a beaten ship, but just as often has permitted them to keep right on swimming.

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In any event, speculation as to whether the deck force or the gang below will have the better of the bargain, in a pitched sea fight, must be based almost wholly on theory. Captain McGiffin, the lion-hearted American naval officer whose observations on the sea fight of the Yalu form about the only practical basis for considerations about battles between modern ships, should surely have known something about the safe spot on board a naval vessel. He was on the deck of his ship, the best of the Chinese fleet, during the entire action on the Yalu. The writer asked him, soon after his return from China, if there were not moments, during the thickest of the fight, in which he felt like making a run for it.

"Run where?" was McGiffin's inquiry. "I can't truthfully say that I felt like bolting at all during that mix. I didn't have time to think of anything like that. There was too much going on on deck, anyhow, and I didn't want to miss anything. The most cowardly man becomes quite forgetful of danger in a sea fight, as a rule. We had three men—lubberly coolies—who were found hiding away up forward on the berth deck when the fight was finished. The men who found them nearly beat them to death.

"A very great feeling of curiosity animates all hands in a battle at sea. Chinamen are about the least curious men in the world; yet the deck officers on my ship had great trouble in keeping the members of the black gang, the firemen and coal-passers, and even the machinists, down below during the action. They kept poking their heads above the main deck, lifting off hatches for the purpose, to see how we were making out.

"On the whole, I think the men down below are more nervous during a fight than the men on deck. They are a bit afraid of what they can't see. It's just like the fear of a man lying in bed in a dark room when he knows there is a burglar within a few feet of him. The men on deck can see the whole game, and the smoke and the roar infuse the devil of battle into them, and they simply don't care whether the ship remains on top or goes down. They literally enjoy the fun. A lot of our gunners were positively hysterical with delight. Some of them laughed like wild men. They muttered to themselves and howled like drunkards. Indeed, half the ship's company looked to me as if they were three parts drunk after the fight, yet there was no grog. They reeled about, with silly, drunken expressions on their faces, although they knew we were licked.

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"But as for running, where would a man with any sense run during an action, even if he felt sure that the marines of his ship wouldn't shoot him down for cowardice? There is no sweet berth when your ship is cleared for action. On deck or below, fore or aft, every man's chance is about equal, all things considered. The commanding officer has no better show than the rawest landsman. I'd rather be on deck any time in a fight. I don't believe I could be induced to be an engineer during an action. Not that an engineer or any of his gang stands in any more danger than the deck force engaged in fighting the ship, but the uncertainty that chokes the man below is wearing, as all of our engineers and some of the Japanese engineers, after it was all over, told me."

Common and perfectly equal as the danger in which all hands on board a modern man-of-war unquestionably stand during a fight, there are, of course, some stations that appear to be more dangerous for the men assigned to them than others. For example, there is probably not a sea soldier in the United States Marine Corps to-day who is not figuring on the insignificant show he will probably have for his life if, in the event of his ship's getting into action, he is detailed, with a picked few of his mates, to man the rapid-firing guns in the fighting-tops. At first glance the fighting-top of a modern ship of war appears to be quite the most dangerous spot on the ship, fore or aft, in case of action, because of its prominence.

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There has never been any good opportunity to test this, for fighting-tops (rightly called military masts) are of comparatively recent development, and during the Chino-Japanese naval engagements no systematic attempt seems to have been made, on either side, to raze the fighting-tops to the decks or into the sea. The proportion of the killed and wounded in the fighting-tops during those engagements was considerably less than on deck. In a sea fight between expert manipulators of ships, however, there can be no doubt that the vessels will go each at the other's military masts with enthusiasm at the very outset, for the purpose of silencing the deadly play of the rapid-firing guns, which are capable of making terrific havoc on an enemy's decks.

The rapid-firing guns only would be used for the purpose of chopping off or knocking over the enemy's fighting-tops, for a fighting-top is a small mark in long-range shooting, and no gunner would be so foolish as to waste big gun projectiles in an attempt to shave a mark the chances of striking which are about as a thousand to one against him. But rapid-firing guns are accurate, and their projectiles are powerful enough to do for the strongest fighting-top that ever reared its ugly circular head from the deck of a ship of war. The sides of the fighting-tops are armored, but they are not armored sufficiently to render them impenetrable to the projectiles of ordinary rapid-firing guns. The sea soldiers man the fighting-top guns, and it may be set down as something mighty certain that, in the progress of war, the duels between the marines in the fighting-tops will be sanguinary features of the sea fights.

The blue-jackets, who are stationed in the magazines during a sea fight, are certainly no better off than their mates either above or below decks. Each Commander in a naval battle knows precisely where his foe's magazines are located, and there is likely to be some tall aiming for magazines. To those who are unfamiliar with the general expertness of modern great-gun marksmanship and the extraordinary accuracy of some of it, it might seem pure foolishness for a gunner to make an attempt to hit any special part of an enemy's ship at a range of several miles. Those who think in this way, however, have only to be referred to the bit of marksmanship performed by one of the thirteen-inch gun crews of the battle-ship Indiana recently.

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This crew, using service projectiles and charges in practice, put two thirteen-inch shots right through the same hole. This sort of marksmanship is by no means uncommon in the United States Navy, the standard of which for great-gun expertness is as high as that of any Navy in the world. It is not unusual for gunners of American men-of-war engaged in big-gun practice, to tear the canvas targets to ribbons, at the very longest effective ranges, before the practice is well begun. This being the state of great-gun marksmanship at the present time, it is reasonable to suppose that the men in the magazines, in a sea fight, should have no especial cause for being happy above their fellows over their stations. One great gun shell plumped well over a magazine (even though the magazines be all far below the water-line) is likely to cause enough trouble to induce the magazine men to wish they were on deck, if they have a chance to think at all.

Moreover, there is such a thing as a heavy projectile penetrating an armored ship below the water-line, as was proved on the Yalu, and if this should happen at a point of the ship where a magazine chanced to be located, the men hauling ammunition, and manning the hoists in the same, would never know what had happened to them. Then there is always a likelihood of shells exploding on deck and bits finding their way through the open magazine hatches—and such a thing would be dangerous enough. The magazine men, moreover, have to work in practical darkness.

Magazines on modern men-of-war are, of course, fitted with no standing lights of any sort. In times of peace, when the gunners' mates and inspecting officer wish to examine the interiors of magazines, they carry portable incandescent electric lights with them, but in handling loose ammunition during actual fighting even these portable electric lights would be deemed dangerous, so that the magazine men would no doubt have to grope for it and take out their nervous curiosity, as to what might be happening to their ship or fleet, in wondering and utter darkness.

The officer would have no advantage whatever over the enlisted man in the matter of greater safety in a modern naval engagement. The sword-carrying men with the range-finders were lopped off with complete impartiality in the Yalu fight. An officer in command of a gun has even a bit the worst of the chance in comparison with the men handling the gun, for in order to get a line on the enemy he must necessarily expose himself to the enemy's scientific rapid-firing play, while the gunners have the protection of the gun shields and barbettes.

Even the commanding officer is no better as a war risk than the humblest mess attendant in a fight. His station on modern ships will generally be in his ship's conning tower, and, well as conning towers on ships of war of to-day are protected, eminent naval authorities haven't much faith in their invulnerability. Conning towers are necessarily in exposed spots—almost always away forward, beneath where the bridge ought to be, but isn't, when the ship is cleared for action—and gunners of the enemy are naturally expected to do what they can toward sending the commanding officer of an antagonistic ship into the next world before his time.

The man in the bunkers—viz., the humble coal-passer, is likely to have a dismal, unsatisfactory time of it during the progress of a fight. He sees absolutely nothing, but what he does not see is more than atoned for by what he hears. Any man who has ever listened to the intonation of great guns, during target practice, from the shelter of a half-empty coal-bunker, is likely to remember the twenty times amplified thundering that threatens to rip his ear drums in twain. Theoretically, the coal-passer is supposed to shovel buckets full of coal and trundle them along the trolleys in the mellow light of many sixteen-candle incandescent lamps, and, as a matter of fact, all modern ships' coal-bunkers are lighted. But the writer, who has crawled through the bunkers of many a modern man-of-war, American and foreign, has found that standing electric bunker lamps rarely illuminate. The glass around the wires is smashed in the process of coaling ship, and, of course, the lamps do not work.

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Naval constructors are still trying to find some scheme to illuminate bunkers. The coal-passer, standing his watch in the bunker of a ship in action, then, has the additional gloom of darkness to fight, unless he violates a rigid regulation by carrying an open light into his bunker. He does not know when an armor-piercing shell is going to pass directly through the bunker he is working in, and altogether his station in a fight is not a desirable one. Nor has the fireman or the water tender a very cheerful station. Both of these members of the black gang, of course, are in the boiler-rooms, and they have perpetually before them the possibility of a great shell ripping its way through a boiler, thus insuring them a death by scalding. The oiler is another man of the black gang who has a title to feel nervous when his ship is fighting, for he is always more or less tangled up in the machinery, apparently endeavoring to see how near he can approach death without actually compassing his own, and in the event of a shot dropping through the deck and among the intertwisted masses of machinery he is liable to be torn to pieces by the same, "racing wild," as the engineers call it, even if he is not done for by the explosion.

"The soft spot on board a modern man-of-war," as an old gunner's mate put it, "is five fathoms beneath her, in a diving suit."

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The Troops of Spain

DISCIPLINE WAITING ON CONVENIENCE

EUROPEAN armies vary considerably from the United States Army, and there is a marked distinction between the Continental bodies of troops in their dress, equipments, morale, marching and fighting qualities, says the Buffalo Times. The eyes of Europe have been turned to the Spanish Army during the recent operations of that armed force in both Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and to Americans the subject is of more than ordinary interest.

The abundance of the physical resources of Spain and the soldierlike qualities of the men, even when they have received brief military training, have been a surprise to many. Preëminent are the Albarderos, who take their name from the halberd, a picturesque old weapon they carry, no longer of any fighting value, but used as an arm of ceremony, composed largely of the aristocracy and including picked men from the whole Army.

This force is organized in two companies, with a total of forty officers and two hundred and fifty men, as the personal guard of the King and for interior service in the palace. A Colonel is appointed as Captain, a Lieutenant-Colonel as First Lieutenant, and so the grades continue, a First Lieutenant serving as "Caporal." All officers of the Spanish Army are eligible for the Albardero Corps, one-half of the vacancies being filled by candidates selected for their special qualifications and the remainder by promotion on seniority within the corps. The men (privates) must be Sergeants of good character and they must have the best qualifications.

In other words, it is a battalion without a private soldier in its ranks. This distinguished corps has a magnificent uniform, familiar to all those who have been at the Spanish Court, and its band, which plays on all State occasions, is one of the best in the Iberian peninsula.

A group of hussars at Madrid is a representative body. The Spanish cavalry includes two hussar regiments, designated as the Princesa and the Pavia, which are regarded by their officers as the most distinguished of the mounted regiments. The cavalry officers enter through the college at Valladolid by competition, and after a course of three years are appointed to their regiments as Second Lieutenants. In addition to these two regiments the cavalry branch includes eight regiments of lancers, four of dragoons and fourteen of chasseurs, or light horse, with some other local establishments and depots of remounts and for the training of horses for the service.

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The artillery of the Spanish Army, like that of the English Royal Artillery, includes the horse, field, mountain and garrison branches, and the gun factories and other establishments are in relation with it. It has charge of stores of guns, arms, ammunition and "material," and is provided with field ranges, gunnery schools, a scientific and practical museum, and other necessary adjuncts. The actual formation of the artillery is thirteen regiments of the field branch, each of four six-gun batteries, a regiment of horse artillery, and three belonging to the mountain branch, all these having the same number of batteries and guns as in the field artillery.

There are in addition ten battalions of garrison gunners and four companies of artificers. At the present time the Spanish Army has guns of two kinds—the Krupp and the placencia, of bronze or steel, with three and five-tenths inch and three and one-tenth inch calibre.

The officers of the force enter through college at Segovia, the admission being by competitive examination between civilian candidates and young officers from other corps. The studies cover a period of five years, and promotion is always by seniority, but, on reaching the fourth year of their educational course, these artillery cadets become Second Lieutenants and are promoted to the full Lieutenancy on appointment to the corps, at the close of their full scholastic term at the college at Segovia.

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The arrangements for the training and maintenance of the effective condition of the artillery seem to be excellent. That they know the art of war there is no doubt; that they can practice it successfully is a question for discussion. As navigators and seamen they have at least always been preëminent. Columbus found among the ancestors of these people the sailors brave enough to tempt the dangers of that voyage into the waste waters of the west.

The general impression of the men, both in the Spanish Army and Navy, is that they have good fighting qualities, though they are not capable of any extended exertion and can never compare favorably with the Anglo-Saxon element. But while the file has always received commendation, it is the consensus of unprejudiced opinion that they are "badly officered." Many explanations can be offered, but there is much luxurious ease about the Spaniard's life, and even in the Army he will not forego the first consideration for his personal benefit even if discipline must suffer. The best soldiers, the flower of the Spanish Army, have been sent to the Philippines, those rushed out to Cuba having largely been conscripts and rude youths taken from the farms to shatter their health in the fever-laden districts of the "Ever-Faithful Isle."

The peasant boys that Spain has driven across the Atlantic are representatives of her most ignorant class, and their own utter lack of knowledge of hygienic conditions helps the lurking disease to find ready and hapless victims. Some of them naturally become imbued with the military spirit and make passably effective soldiers, but the majority have no liking for their enforced profession of arms, and, controlled by a homesick feeling, ill clad and half paid, perhaps not for months, they very frequently welcome death as the only satisfactory relief from their desperate environment.

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The Home Guard of Havana, called Guarda Civiles, native born and consequently inured to the climate, is the prominent armed force of Cuba. They have been thoroughly drilled, are vicious fighters, and thoroughly hated by the insurgents, who recognize them as dreaded genuine enemies of all liberty-loving progress.

In fact, the loyalty of the Guarda Civiles to the Spanish crown is one of the inexplicable conditions in Cuba. Their own kindred and relatives in many cases are in the ranks of the revolutionary forces, but they seem animated by a ferocity that is as wicked as inexplicable. All the Captains-General have depended upon them principally for support, and the Civiles have returned their appreciation of this confidence by their brutalities and demoniac actions whenever an opportunity occurred.

How Two Nations Regard Us

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

THE analysis here given of the feeling of the German people and the German press, as between the United States and Spain, is written for the New York Times by a gentleman whose knowledge of the German character, policy, and ways of thought has been gained by long residence among them:

When war breaks out there is no nation so powerful that the attitude of other nations toward the controversy is a matter of indifference. The United States, not a military Power, not an aggressive, colony-founding country, unprepared for war on a large scale by land or sea, needs especially to know what the real sentiments of nations are when it goes to war. Will a given nation remain practically as well as theoretically neutral? Can we expect that it will sympathize with us or our opponent?

Suppose that nation is the German nation, one with which, in its component parts as well as in its federate condition since 1871, we have had treaties and maintained steadily the best of relations. The mere volume of our trade with Germany, quite aside from the leading position she takes in the world, makes her attitude toward us of the highest importance.

It is impossible to say that Germany, as a whole, is for us and against Spain, or for Spain and against us. The situation in Germany is far too complicated. Roughly dividing the Germans into classes, it might be said that the titled classes and owners of estates are against us almost to a man, while the professional, mercantile, and manufacturing classes are favorably disposed to us—as much so as the German press will permit.

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Honors, advancement and emoluments for the members of the press, nay, the increase of readers and advertisements, lie, for most German newspapers, with the Agrarian and the Colonial parties rather than the mercantile and commercial, and the Colonial enthusiasts are particularly active and powerful. The old party which used to favor the United States, the Liberal Party, has been split into shreds and lost itself in the Conservative and Socialistic waves that have been rising since 1880. It can no longer be counted upon to influence the people materially in our favor.

One reason for the cooling of friendship toward us among German Liberals is the course of our tariff legislation, which took up the very views which the Liberals used to combat in Germany. Such blows, from a quarter supposed to be particularly open to broad and farsighted ideas, have dampened the former admiration for the Republic, and caused thousands of Germans to doubt the efficacy of our form of government in providing the greatest possible freedom of action for the greatest possible number of men.

This has been the opportunity for the Agrarians, who wish to keep our foodstuffs as much as possible out of the Empire; for such manufacturers as are feeling the competition of American machinery and inventiveness and enterprise; and for the Colonial party, which regards the purpose of Americans, to keep America free from European colonies, with undisguised wrath.

As we have seen lately in their utterances, the organs of Bismarck are particularly loud in their abuse of the United States. Having no scruples themselves about seizing lands not their own, they will not believe that Americans are fighting to free the Cubans; they believe that this is mere hypocrisy to cloak the forcible annexation of the island, and they hate us as they do the British, because they think we are following British precedents in seizing land which might, under other conditions, fall to Germany.

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The principle that to the strong belongs the earth is always to be seen, more or less consciously expressed, in the organs of the Agrarians. They revert again and again to Southern Brazil as a fruitful country, with a climate suited to Northern Europeans, where many settlers of German birth and descent are already building up the country, and advocate its seizure.

What blocks the way? Not Brazil, for Germany has no belief in the ability of Brazil to defend itself against German ships and soldiers. Not Brazil, but the United States. Contingencies might arise whereby the British would receive a *quid pro quo* elsewhere, which would suffice to buy their neutrality. But the old Monroe Doctrine, which Bismarckian organs are fond of denouncing as shameless and outrageous, stands like a lion in the way.

To this more recent cause for irritation—more recent because it is only of late that the fever for colonies has beset the Empire—one must add the chronic irritation of German emigration to the United States. That emigration has, it is true, fallen off at a tremendous rate, but there need be no great study of the statistics of emigration, in the past, to warrant the conclusion that it may set in again with all its old liveliness. Let the United States set its finances in order, and start again on an era of "good times," and all the stories of disaster and poverty, and of lynchings and Yankee supercilliousness, wherewith the German press regales its readers year in and year out, will not avail one whit to stem the tide setting this way.

It is the great body of German people, who have no titles and do not write for the press—it is the quiet, silent, solid majority of the German people, who, in their unexpressive way, keep Germany on the side of the United States. The only men who raise their voices in our favor are a few Liberals and a number of commercial men. Were it not that Spain has played havoc with German confidence and indulged herself in commercial wars with Germany, even these voices would be drowned in the universal execration of the "cold-blooded Yankee."

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Among the upper classes the natural instinct is to make the most of the pathetic figures of the Spanish Queen Regent and the innocent young King, of the essentially aristocratic Government of Spain through officials, Army and Navy officers, grandees and humbug Republicans of the Castelar type, men who call themselves Republicans in order to have a reputation for originality, but take excellent care to carry their ideas no further than the froth of their rhetoric. Germans of the upper class are themselves always looking back with regret to a past they do not understand, nor, indeed, take the trouble to make real to themselves; how could they fail to be on the side of a land where the past, with all its corruption, and discomforts, and cruelties, has lingered on till the close of our century? Had these Germans any idea of art, they would love Spain for her picturesqueness too, but it is enough that she is too mediæval, in the bad sense, for them to feel a glow of fellowship. In a consideration of Germany it is inevitable that Americans ask, first of all, what the Emperor thinks. And in many ways the opinion of the Emperor is extremely important; though it is hard for foreigners to understand just how important and under what limitations. Well, the Emperor is a good deal of a politician, and gives comparatively little weight to the claims of Spain on his sympathies, merely because there is a Spanish throne, and Republics are not particularly in his line. As a politician, he believes it better for the interests of Germany to keep on favorable terms with the United States than with the Spain of to-day.

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As against the British, he would be apt to side with the United States if we had a controversy with our insular cousins. The difference between the Emperor and many of his prominent subjects is this: While he, like them, foresees the likelihood of a more or less open alliance of the English-speaking peoples, he does not allow this prophetic forecast to affect his temper and cause him to assail Americans. On the contrary, he is keen enough to see that another Venezuela affair may some day turn up opportunely and estrange us from our British relatives, when it might be very useful to Germany to have everything smooth between us and her.

In other words, while the momentary condition of things has brought the United States and Great Britain together in a tacit, but perhaps for that reason all the more efficacious, sympathy, the Emperor wishes to be ready for any relaxing of these bonds, to aid at the given moment in widening the breach. Thus far, then, and for such reasons, we may consider Wilhelm our friend to-day.

In corroboration of this view, one has only to recall, on the part of the Emperor, the recent occasions when he has gone out of his way to make pleasant remarks about Americans, and, on the part of Germans generally, the tone of the German newspapers in condemnation of our attitude toward Spain. They cannot defend Spain's misgovernment of Cuba, and take little pains to conceal their contempt for her military and naval deeds; but they are very indignant at the impertinence of Americans who dare to tell a European nation that the bloodshed and anarchy in Cuba must stop.

They exaggerate the amount of support the insurgents have received from the United States, and also underrate the services of American police and seamen. Apparently there is little credit given for the feeding of the starving Cubans; that appears to be set down to the hypocrisy and calculation which are attributed to us in quantity almost equal to that accorded the British. They are firmly persuaded, as, indeed, are the Spaniards, too, that in everything that makes men we are distinctly an inferior race, however we may have got to ourselves wealth in a rude scramble for the almighty dollar.

This cynicism, this distrust of the real purpose of the United States, are phenomena not confined to the papers of Germany alone, but to the German papers published in this country. They reflect, perhaps unconsciously, the irritated, censorious, ungenerous tone of the press of the mother country.

The uncomfortable position of the German-American is one, and a very important, cause of the dislike that home Germans have for Americans. Their knowledge of Americans in actual personal contact is largely, if not exclusively, gained from returning emigrants, in the first place because they are to be found in great numbers in all large cities, and in the second because ignorance of the German tongue keeps the native American, when in Germany, away from Germans.

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Now, the German-American, having passed his life in America pooh-poohing things American, and saying to himself how much better everything is done in the old country, returns one fine day, and, to his vast astonishment, finds the *old* home of his memories and the actual Germany of to-day as far apart as Heaven is from earth. If he has lived in the Western States, he cannot breathe in Germany. The constant supervision, the rough tone of officials, the swagger of the military, the worship of titles, and the slavish manners of the common folk toward the rich and great appall and disgust him.

His own ways are criticized and mercilessly abused; his adopted country is sneered at; his presence is not wanted. In nine cases out of ten he meets sneer with sneer, and abuse with abuse. He is considered a type of Americans, and that type remains with the home Germans as the one by which to judge the whole country.

Thus we see that envy and ignorance are the two factors which stand in the way of an understanding of the United States on the part of Germany. The latter may—indeed, in time, it must—give way more and more; but, in case we are successful in forcing the Spaniards to give up Cuba, the former will only increase.

Germany has entered into the struggle for colonies, and, with her expanding commerce, meets England and the United States on every sea. She cannot like us, and if, as looks possible, we and the British move hereafter in unison, she has reason to fear our supremacy. The attitude of Germany toward us in the Spanish War is therefore a neutrality, but not a benevolent neutrality. She is bound to hold that Cuba is only the first step to a policy of foreign conquest. Judging of us from what she would do herself, she considers that Haiti, Central America, and perhaps even Mexico, will come next. It is for the United States to prove that Germany has made the mistake of supposing that we are as unscrupulous as she is.

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Ever since Spain first began casting about for some means to evade the demands of the United States regarding Cuba, it has been known that Austria was inclined to do all it could to aid the Queen Regent, says the Chicago Tribune. This was considered quite natural, as Queen Christina was an Austrian Princess, a relative of the Emperor. Austria has been the leader in all the various and futile attempts to initiate a concerted action among the European Powers on behalf of Spain. The perseverance of the Austrian Court, in this direction, seems to suggest that natural friendship for Spain is supplemented with a most vigorous dislike of America. A glance at history seems to furnish some curious corroborative evidence in that direction. This evidence goes to show that both the Emperor Francis Joseph and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, entertain a very deep-rooted and traditional hatred for all things American.

It is a significant fact that the Monroe Doctrine has always been peculiarly offensive to Austria, because it was originally aimed by President Monroe at an act of Austrian aggression in the New World. It was the grandfather of Francis Joseph who originated the holy alliance against the United States which called into existence the Monroe Doctrine. In so far as the rescue of the Cubans from Spanish cruelty is based upon that doctrine, it is, therefore, peculiarly unpalatable to Francis Joseph.

Another and even closer cause for the Austrian Emperor's hatred of the United States may be found in the fact that he holds this country primarily responsible for the overthrow and death of his brother, the Emperor Maximilian, in the historic and unfortunate attempt to establish an Austrian dynasty in Mexico. Here, again, Austria ran up against the Monroe Doctrine and suffered in consequence. Francis Joseph is not the man to forgive or forget in such a case. To this day the Court at Vienna absolutely declines to receive any diplomatic representative from Mexico. It is but logical to suppose that the Emperor's feeling against the United States, on this score, still retains its bitterness. Whatever truth there may be in this talk of personal enmity on the part of Austria's rulers, it is certain that the Vienna Government would be willing to go to a large amount of inconvenience to see the Monroe Doctrine even indirectly crippled.

Church Debts

Very likely the Dorcas Society, The King's Daughters, or the Young People's Society want funds to carry on their work this winter. Perhaps you have in contemplation a new organ, or carpet for the Sunday-school, or possibly the question of paying off the Church debt is troubling you. We have a plan for providing money for any of these objects.

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